TEN CENTS A COPY

The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

VOLUME V — NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 6, 1929 — NUMBER 50

You Have the Best of It

WHAT might be called the Book Industry is an amazing thing today. If one considers all its ramifications one grows appalled by the amount of mental energy expended upon any one book before it reaches the reader. The reader has all the best of it, even when he or she is not handed a monthly choice on a platter by the board of judges of a book club.

Consider first the acceptance of a book for publication. There is the first reader's report, there is the second reader's report, there is the editor's report, there is the conference of the firm. A firm that gets thirty manuscripts a week to consider, not an enormous average, manages to keep its readers busy. Your, the book-buyer's, reading is for recreation and relaxation. But consider reading—well, we'll say one hundred books a month, or twelve hundred a year—as your regular job. Naturally they don't all have to be read through. A large proportion need only a smelling and tasting. But there are many that are "border-line" books, and these cause most of the toil and trouble. They are good enough from this point of view, but are they from that point of view? Are they "in our line" or are they not "in our line"? Has the author a "future" or not? Get out a pencil and paper and figure out costs. Can we "clear"? If we can only "clear," then is it worth it? What necessary function does this book fulfil on the Spring list, or the Fall list? Questions *ad infinitum*. And always, "Hurry, hurry, hurry, don't hold up that author's manuscript too long!"

* * *

That is the mere beginning. Then, say, the book is accepted. There is the study of its particular market, of outlets for sales; there is the publicity to be written, there is the advertising to be planned and the advertising appropriation to be calculated; there is the amount of the initial printing to be decided upon; and books are always fooling publishers, —one despairs of prophesying about them; one relies on general rule of thumb and past performances; essentially, one "shoots in the dark."

There is the entire selling problem, "when the men go out on the road." With the multiplicity of publishers today in America, each with a staff of salesmen visiting the principal bookstores in the principal cities, there is the problem of "selling one's line" against the other fellow's line; there is the problem of just how many books on your list it is going to be easy to sell intensively; there is the bookseller's natural cautiousness and certain of his ingrained prejudices to take into consideration. And each bookseller is a different individual, after all, with individual leanings.

* * *

On any one book published there is expended a large amount of thought by a variety of people. There is also the entire question of manufacturing. How shall we dress this book? What style of type, what kind of binding and "jacket," to make it most quickly and easily reach its proper public. Publishers who know their business spend time in conference over all these matters. And you, the purchaser, do not realize more than a tithe of the reasons why you buy that particular book. The chances are you are but dimly aware of who in the deuce published it at all. It is the vague notion of the public that books are just turned out like waffles, in a sort of general service to humanity. Yet the competition in publishing, with all the scouting done by a multitude of firms for good writers and good, salable literature, is as keen and continuous as the competition in any other branch of industry,—keener, intellectually, in that it involves so many imponderable considerations.

Then there is the assaying of the worth of books published, the choosing of book-reviewers, the endeavor to procure unbiassed critical estimates. This also involves much reading and a great deal of scanning and appraising on the part of literary editors all over the country, and on the part of a well nigh infinite number of people of the pen whose work in the world it is to write of books.

We have said something in the past of the sufferings of the average reader today, beset and often bewildered as he is by the many volumes that pour from the presses. Yet he can secure a pretty proper notion of a book in advance of buying it by subscription to a critical journal or two, by shrewd reading of advertisements, by means at his disposal which are the result of a great many other people's vigilant ratiocination. He is never altogether without guideposts. If he merely consider the inner flaps of book jackets today, which usually convey some idea of the contents of the book and some account of the credentials of the author, he can ferret out from

(*Continued on page* 1160)

Epitaph

By VIRGINIA WOODS BELLAMY

HERE is consumed by grass and rain and sun
Dust of the deathless fire that is woman;
This casual handful, holding all in one
And one in all, who was both God and human.

Who ran and fainted, who was frail and strong,
With grasp too tight, of too great need for giving,
Armored for justice, piteous of wrong
Who fought for more than life and died of living.

This Week

"The Poetic Edda."
Reviewed by GARNET SMITH.

"Myths After Lincoln."
Reviewed by A. HOWARD MENEELY.

"Clark of the Ohio."
Reviewed by ALLAN NEVINS.

"High Walls."
Reviewed by ELMER DAVIS.

"Prophet and Fool" and "Manhattan Men."
Reviewed by JOSEPHINE PINCKNEY.

"The Good Estate of Poetry."
Reviewed by O. W. FIRKINS.

"The Intelligent Man's Guide to Marriage and Celibacy."
Reviewed by RICHARD CURLE.

"James Ford Rhodes."
Reviewed by WILLIAM MACDONALD.

"Six Mrs. Greenes."
Reviewed by GLADYS GRAHAM.

The Folder.
By CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

Next Week, or Later

Not Such Defenders.
By ELMER DAVIS.

The Sagas and Ourselves*

By GARNET SMITH

IT was in Iceland, and during the thirteenth century, that our treasure-store of sagas was laid up. Three hundred years ago, men had fled thither from Norway to save their liberty from the iron grip of Harold Fair-hair. Sturdy individualists, Jarls, which is to say earls or kinglets of their own right, they scorned the proferred boon of government. Imposed sovereignty and levied tribute were not to their liking. Much rather would they sail west over sea, to found new homes and stablish order as best they might. In a desolate plain of fissured lava lay a tiny area girt by a deep chasm of sleeping waters. Here they set up an Althing of free men in congress, and pronounced decision upon a Hill of Laws. As time went on, they met to debate upon a new religion brought them. The gospellers—one of them is described as a "passionate, ungovernable person, and a great man-slayer"—prevailed; and pledges were doubtless given at least to abstain from ritual beer-swilling, the eating of horseflesh, and all witchcraft. In brief, rude pioneers, and prompt to armed quarrel among themselves, they shaped the new discipline to their mood or bent, cherishing the while the traditions of their race.

Once, these men of the North, in their migrations, had wrecked the Roman Empire; and then again, in the Viking Age, had drawn tears of foreboding from the aged eyes of Charlemagne. They had taken to the sea. Mobile and unheralded, they swooped down from the unknown and departed, mysterious, terrible. It was not theirs to occupy and settle, to mingle with the natives, to assimilate and be assimilated like their forbears of the great migration, or even like the Saxons and Danes in England. Loot, and quick return to their bleak North, was their one aim. Ragnar Hairy-breeches could strike far inland with his "dark red sea birds," and reach Paris, to acquire much plunder along with devastating germs of plague. His son felt the lure of Rome. Had it not, ere now, been sacked by men of the same stock, by Goths? And, wintering in the Rhone delta, he and his men sallied forth, ravaged Pisa, and presently won by stratagem a marvellous city which, in their naïve fancy, could be no other than Rome itself. And the Rome of the East also called: the great city, Miklagard, Constantinople. Again and again, choice spirits assaulted it, and would only part with their dream for plenteous blackmail of Swedish Vikings. Of Varangians who sailed up the Neva, erected their fort of Novgorod, and laid the foundations of the Russian Empire, there is no need here to tell. Nor yet have we to deal with Normans proper, sons of settled Vikings who mingled with North Frenchmen, and from adventurous destroyers became masterly builders and adapters.

* * *

The Saxons in England were to know them to their own advantage. And to ours, seeing that, on both sides the Atlantic, we largely derive our speech and customs, laws and institutions, from the composite stock. But, for the present purpose, it is the Viking raids upon the Western isles that concern us. If their own kin now barred the landward way to the South, they could at least harry the neighboring islands, establish earldoms in the Orkneys and Shetlands, and kingdoms in Britain and

* THE POETIC EDDA. Translated by LEE M. HOLLANDER. University of Texas Press. 1929.
THE WAYLAND-DIETRICH SAGA. By KATHERINE M. BUCK. Part I. London: Mayhew. 1929.
GUDRUN. Translated by MARGARET ARMOUR. London: Dent. 1929.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Ireland. It was not only from Norway that refugees flocked to Iceland. Harold Fair-hair sought to spread order far and wide by fire and sword. Norsemen of the Western isles and Ireland, unable to brook his overbearing, eager to "escape the trouble of kings and scoundrels," knew whither to turn. The best blood of Norway, and that blended Norse-Celtic breed that has ever proved fertile in genius, together colonized the lonely land. And all of them held by the old ways of individual liberty; all of them clung fondly to the traditional lore.

Isolated, in the abundant and serene leisure of the long winters, they rehearsed by rote the legends of gods and heroes, and all high deeds. And, with the thirteenth century, came zealous desire to collect and arrange and commit to writing these lays and laws and lore of olden times. Well-to-do families acquired and prized huge codices of the sort. Snorri Sturlason brought together an "Art of Skaldship",—rules and examples of metaphors and metres for the use of aspiring bards. The Elder, the Poetic, Edda got itself set down by an unknown hand. There is current dispute, indeed, as to the origin, the earliest home, of the Eddic lays, manifestly older than any like tradition preserved along the Rhine, or in Saxony, Bavaria, and Austria. Should Norway, or the British Isles, or Iceland, claim them? We can agree with Mr. Hollander that the argument for Iceland has all the best of it, even if we allow the large presence of Anglo-Celtic elements and *motifs*.

* * *

Nowadays, with the imperfect aid afforded us by the new science of comparative religion, we seek to penetrate beyond the tradition which the antiquarians garnered for us. Humanity, from the first, marvelled and asked questions of the wise. Whence and whither does a man come and go? What is the nature of this dread all that enfolds him. And, further, he cast about for means whereby to bend things to his own desire. He shaped potent prayers and rules of sacrifice, that he might make terms with, or even command, such powers as were. But in Scandinavian, Teutonic, mythology the ritual hymns are lost. We have but the mighty fragments of a divine epic. Behind the pictured story we can but dimly recreate the impression left upon our hardy ancestors by their grim environment of frost and fire, wind and wave. These, and the spirits that controlled them, knew brief peace and frequent strife. The world was all drama, and even nightmare drama. Men's thoughts must have dwelt on wreaking food by some magic cult of fertility. And then, revivified, it was theirs to pursue the wonted course of blood and iron, of violent death beneath the shadowed gaze of Fate implacable.

Something like this must have lurked behind the tradition; behind the new mythology; the springtime of the new culture, the Heroic Age, which the Iceland antiquarians recorded for us. Their race, as they knew it, was a race possessing, and possessed by Odin. To the white men of the North, Odin was all-father. Their own ancestor and divine exemplar, he was lord of song and war and whatsoever ministered to pride and honor. Master of magic, he had knowledge of the runes that sway the living and the dead for weal and woe: "runes of eternity and runes of earthly life." From his seat on high he watched; twin ravens, flying over the earth, daily whispered in his ear what befell. Dwelling remote in Asgard, with his Aesir and Vanir, he yet would wander on earth disguised, a worn traveller or beggarman, with hat plucked over brow, and intervene in the hour of crisis, known but when he vanished. For he was not unmindful of his own folk. Not for himself alone had he won the cauldron whose draught brought saving wisdom, or hung on the world-tree nine days and nights, Odin's sacrifice to Odin. He was acquainted with wounds and suffering, and could sympathize. Indeed, like ourselves, he lacked full knowledge and power; was one, rather, who had wrested the primacy from the elder gods and, in his high estate, had proved frail and peccant even as a mortal. Adventurous, unscrupulous at need, he had brought upon himself reproach and gibe; and his judgment could still be challenged. Complaint was that not always did he fairly allot the luck of battle, and gave mastery not seldom to such as did not deserve it.

And was the call to fierce energy and strife never to remit? With the coming of the Weird Sisters, ripe in foreknowledge of fate, had come a close to all golden days. The "knife-age, and axe-age with cloven shields," had begun. Henceforward, and with scanty truce, there was war in heaven and on earth. Gods and patriarchs had struggled to subdue the forces of disarray and destruction. Through all time the world-tree was to wither more and more, and all things grow from bad to worse. From the beginning, men knew that a heavy curse lay on the sword; and this curse they must abide. Odin elected them that had to be slain that so, in proud company, he might front the terrors of Ragnarok, the world's end. Down must the sword-slain go to the underworld; and thence, should their guardian spirit speak comfort and show them void of deceit, honorable, helpful, and without fear of death, they pass to Asgard, there to await the last of all fights, whose issue none may know. Vainly did the gods send messengers to the world below, beseeching that the mystery of life and death should be explained and tears were all they got for answer. Vainly did Odin himself call up from the dead a seeress who told how heaven and earth rose from chaos, and how man was given the breath of life. But ever came her refrain: "Wit ye more, or how?" Till, in rapt intuition, at last she beheld the coming doom and glad renewal. For the silent god who has ever dwelt aloof and untouched by wrong shall reign and establish all righteousness. The Aesir shall gather once more on Ida field, fleeting the time with memories of past deeds; and men know lasting peace and all abundance.

It was a world of gloom, and of dour endeavor, that our ancestors faced. Nature and man alike were conceived as hostile, corrupt; there was ever room for the display of virility. In the relaxation of the evening carousal, listening to the bards, men learnt their high lessons of heroism and self-mastery. The Heroic Age is ever an age of migration, remembered and heightened after the event. Some restless spirit, with like-minded comrades, had ventured forth on a time, and won deathless fame. His part it was to reveal his divine descent by valor and munificence; and theirs to use boundless loyalty towards him. He, and they, ran out to the very extreme of individualism. Liberty was theirs; and the full range of human power. Thus Beowulf, in the one Anglo-Saxon epic we possess: Beowulf the sea-farer, seeking fame and the praise of men, ready to encounter whatsoever shape of terror. Deeply moved by the mystery of things, he overcomes despondency by ignoring it. He looks for neither help nor hindrance from without. His own stout heart is his one support. "What is to be, goes ever as it must." At least, he can play the manly part, serene and selfless, gentle in his strength. And when at last he must bow to destiny, he knows joy. For has he not held his own well, using no treachery, nor doing wrong to kinsmen?

* * *

Of Sigurd Fafnersbane what is there to tell now that Hebbel and Jensen, Wagner and William Morris have had their say? The Franks on the Rhine cherished him, and then discarded him for Charlemagne. Various was the legend, and with altered names, according as it was told in Norway and Iceland or in Germany. All-absorbing, gathering to itself many episodes from other sagas and ever being brought into closer connection with the gods, it nevertheless maintained unity, were it only by the relentless march of events, the tragic chain of wrong done and coming woe in the acquirement and possession of coveted gold. In point of art, indeed, one should throughout remember the tangle created by the presence of two incompatible versions as regards the relations between Sigurd and Brynhild. Either Sigurd, at Giuki's court, won Brynhild for Gunnar and yielded her up, knowing full well that she was his own true bride; or he has drunk the "draught of forgetfulness," remembers her not, and weds Gudrun in all innocence. Many a medieval and not a few modern treatments of the theme betray grievous confusion. Moreover, at the heart of humanity, there is ever a latent mislike of such a draught, and the oblivion it brings. In the greatest love-song of all, it could be raised to the dignity of a pure symbol. Tristan and Iseult love because he is he, and she is she. They can no other, and the world is well lost for blind passion. But courtly singers have been uneasy all the while, and can barely allow that conscience should not awake, and remorse at social duties betrayed. Or they set up a Lancelot by way of contrast and preference. As for Sigurd-Siegfried, again one might linger, wondering by what chance, by whose stroke of invention, the fortunes of the ideal Sigurd came to be mingled with those of the historical Attila. Was it the unknown gleeman of the Atlakvida in the Eddie collection that first seized upon Attila and made him thirst for the Niflung gold?

Strange, indeed, are the ways in which legend and history may blend. Miss Katherine Buck, now she has retold the tales of Wayland the Smith and young Sigurd, as they are found in the Thidrekssage, and into the bargain revived that Maxen Wledig of the Mabinogion who was lord of Britain and Roman Emperor of the West in the troublous prelude of the Anglo-Saxon invasions, is about to take up the Thidrekssaga again. Theodoric of the god-descended Amals, Theodoric the Ostrogoth who wrenched Italy from the grasp of Odoacer at the wily bidding of emperor Zeno, looms largely in a catastrophic epoch. A strong man and a wise was he, and not to be judged by the acts of treachery and tyranny that marked the outset and the decline of his career. But what is left of him, and all Ostrogoths? A handful of songs, a saga surviving the people among whom it originated, and surviving only to suffer whole transformation. Other if kindred peoples, Saxons and Bavarians and Austrians, took him for their own. In the latest medieval chronicles we read how Dietrich of Bern was the darling of the peasantry, the central figure of folk-song. He had come down to them from the vast cycle of courtly romances that, in the thirteenth century, had clustered about his person. Romances; for on the mainland men followed new fashions. The heroic poetry of the later migration age held in itself the germ of medieval chivalry. Seizing upon Dietrich, remodelling him to the current ideal, why should not ingenious minstrels associate him with a name of dread, with that Attila the Hun whose conquering devastation had stamped itself indelibly upon the memory of man? And why not match him, their own Austro-Bavarian champion, against Rhenish Siegfried in the rose-garden at Worms?

* * *

This and much more being freely allowed, there is room and occasion for all display of current art. Trusting the human and happy faculty of narrative, they can vary and complicate the high theme of loyalty and traitrous dealing, common to the heroic and the chivalrous ages. And they can draw from their lavish store of wizardry; pile marvel upon marvel, set Dietrich to encounter all manner of dwarfs and dragons and fairies. In the abounding cycle we find barbaric traits and knightly usage shading each into the other as in a fabric of shot silk. It is as if, wandering through spacious halls of tapestry, we are at gaze upon the arrested pageant of two ages blended in one, with its haunting charm of anachronism, its call to vague and wide-embracing revery.

There is still another romance-saga, Austro-Bavarian and of the thirteenth century, which will not permit itself to be overpassed. Miss Margaret Armour, known for her prose version of the Nibelungenlied, now offers us Gudrun. Besides this popular medieval epic we have a Norse saga, giving half the tale in other fashion, of stern and tragic cast, and haply mythical in the last resort. In either version, the background is the North Sea, and the time, not that of the migration, but that of the Viking piracy. The Austro-Bavarian minstrels, coming by the tale in whatever way, retold it with an added prologue. Nay, they told it twice over, this tale of a maiden ravished from her home, and hotly pursued by her father, who falls in the fight. By assimilating it to another type of saga turning upon the rivalry of suitors, they could diversify the repetition, better it in the sequel. Three generations, the fortunes of Uta and Hilde and Gudrun, did they thus record, and achieved a very epic of womanhood. A milder age has dawned. Gone were the haughty Valkyries and fierce viragos of the elder sagas. Instead of the tragic, we have the happy ending after long woe endured. Gudrun is the finished pattern of constancy and wifely love. That other Gudrun—Sigurd's Gudrun, Siegfried's Kriemhild—could avenge the death of her brothers on Attila, in the Norse version, and the death of her husband, in the German, exhibiting the same virtue in changed form, according as the earlier and the later age and its morals enjoined. But in our present Gudrun, daughter of a Hilde who grew from the cunning coquette to the woman of good counsel, all heroic quality blossoms. Frank and courageous is she, rejecting high station and enduring all insult and ill-usage that she may keep troth with the lover from whom she is torn, of good avail in the hour of need, and prompt to aid the pitiful at their call. If the tale of Sigud is our Iliad of the North, then surely that

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of Gudrun—sorrow-worn Nausicaa of the Northern beach—may count as our Odyssey.

Listening to the sagas, the heady din of battle is ever about us, or approaching. It could hardly be otherwise, since epics are addressed to warlike folk. But other notes are struck; other elements go to the composition of these sagas. In the oldest collection of all, we have the Lay of Rig. Written, it is plain, to glorify the warrior class and vindicate the divine right of kingship, it nevertheless demonstrates that all men are children of one father. Rig who is also Heimdall—that is to say, "King" and "Home-glad" —is no other than the high mysterious god of many names who is to supersede Odin and renew the world. Far away in the olden days he fared along the seashore and, calling at three homesteads, begat Thrall and Freeman and Noble. Three orders of men, three static conditions of life, are thus appointed. But, as he describes the triple breed, humor lurks and plays upon the lips of the bard, though he is proud to side with his patrons.

And, again, there are the Lays of Thor. If the dominant class held by Odin, the god of war, the franklins loved Thor, the friend of man. It is Thor that causes a household to prosper, and maintains the threatened peace. Strength and Greatheart are his sons, and two peasant children attend and do him service. Himself is serviceable, kindly, and much-enduring. Odin may be master of cunning words, but slow-witted Thor—the Northern Hercules, greedy of food and drink, jocund and the cause of merriment in others—will stand where Odin blenches and fails. There is humor in the tales of Thor: the humor that is at once childlike and profound, as witness his contest with the homely embodiments of power destructive and irresistible. With humor and realism, a race may go so far. If, in the First Lay of Helgi the Hunding-slayer, there is epic realism of the grand style, there is also the realism of the greenlandish Lay of Atli, in which the splendid heroes are become small farmers, given to buffoonery, prosaic. And we have the "Havamal." It is Odin that speaks, delivering sage counsel, setting forth the realistic view of life. Homer is exchanged for Hesiod. Odin is become the shrewd teacher, advocating the morals of prudence and worldly experience. His proverbs, like those of all times and climes, hug the earth, and tend to the frankly cynical. 'Tis folly to trust woman: and Odin rehearses two sorry love-adventures of his own for a warning. As sum of the whole matter, let us be middling wise in all things. There is both fair and foul in five day's time. And he is the true hero who keeps himself glad and wholesome.

In this early Scandinavian Renaissance, men recalled the past, and chronicled the present. All literature took the saga form, in verse or prose. The historians, Snorri Sturlason the Norwegian and Saxo Grammaticus the Dane, coming down to recent and contemporary times, do not need to change their style. There is, throughout, the same terseness and intensity of expression, the same dry and clear grip of the situation. The private sagas—the novels of the period—bear the like stamp. In each, we find the personal history of a family. A man's ancestors are recorded, with the deeds and events that shaped him beforehand, and then we come upon him in his hour of crisis, working forward to an inevitable end. There is a wealth of such private sagas, and some of them are readily accessible. But here is no room to linger upon their objectivity, their forcefulness, their impartial statement. One thing is sure: as we look in the mirror of the sagas, we discover our own lineaments. It is somewhat idle to vaunt that we have passed from primitive to civilized conditions, and emerged from the military age into that of industrialism. The struggle for existence is multiform and perennial. It is a dull eye that cannot detect human, abiding characteristics under whatever disguise. And if, mindful that a man's a man for all that, we also remember that he comes of this or that stock, then all the more, white men and Nordics as we call ourselves, should we be curious about the sagas.

Mrs. Mary Hughes, born at Tyissa Farm, Llangollen, in 1841, who claims to be the original Mary of nursery rhyme fame, recently celebrated her eighty-eighth birthday. She received greetings wishing her "Many happy returns of the day" from children and adults in various parts of Great Britain, from Ireland, Canada, the United States, Australia, and Africa.

Lincoln Folktales

MYTHS AFTER LINCOLN. By Lloyd Lewis. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Company. 1929. $3.50.

Reviewed by A. Howard Meneely

THERE have probably been more books and articles written about Lincoln than about any other man in American history. This fact in itself may explain in part why there have arisen more myths about him than about any other American, for there has been written more trash than treasure. The hero-worshippers have done more damage in distorting the true Lincoln than the "debunkers" can ever do. They began to veil the man in myth and mystery before his body was borne from the capital and they are still going strong. Mr. Lewis is at pains to hurl a good many rocks at them, but he himself is not entirely guiltless. His theory that Lincoln's trip on the *River Queen* to Grant's headquarters in March, 1865, was for the purpose of outwitting the Congressional radicals by secretly directing that lenient terms be accorded the Confederate army while he in Washington pretended to side with the die-hards is not very convincing. Lincoln was a shrewd politician, but he was not deceitful. Again, the author unhesitatingly accepts as truth a good many statements that are more likely the concoctions of inaccurate newspapermen or imaginative admirers.

Illustration by W. A. Dwiggins for R. L. Sternson's "The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde"(Random House). (*See page* 1169.)

Mr. Lewis offers the novel thesis that the Lincoln myths had their origin in the folkmind of America, that after hungering and searching through the years without success for a folkgod like nations of the Old World had, the Americans suddenly found in the martyred Lincoln a figure worthy of their aspirations and straightway began his deification. Secretary Stanton's hysterical fumbling and the President's preposterous funeral enabled them to get off with a flying start. (If anyone is under the illusion that lavish and effusive municipal demonstrations are the creations of the recent war and post-war periods, let him read Mr. Lewis's minutely detailed description of Lincoln's grand procession from the White House to the grave.)

After spending one hundred and fifty pages in getting started, Mr. Lewis proceeds to the entertaining business of analyzing and exploding a whole legion of myths and he does an excellent job of it. He evidently relishes the detective rôle and has left no page unturned that offered a clue or a scrap of evidence for the task in hand. In the presentation of his material he is very effective for his dashing style admirably matches the subject. His account of the body-snatchers tiptoeing about the mausoleum in an attempt to steal the body of Lincoln and hold it for ransom (out of which arose one of the myths that Lincoln's body was not in the casket at all) holds one fairly breathless. Hardly less absorbing —and shocking—is his account of the hauling of the casket from one place to another within the great tomb over a period of thirty-five years. It was moved seventeen times and on one occasion lay concealed for two years under a pile of lumber. No wonder the myths grew round about!

Stories about John Wilkes Booth, the folk-demon, rose and flourished in the American folk-mind simultaneously with those about the President. Stanton in his frenzy of excitement after Lincoln's assassination believed that Booth's deed was part of a widespread Confederate plot and became terror-stricken after Booth's capture lest the Southerners steal his corpse, parade it through the Southland, and stir up the worn-out Confederates to a fresh outburst. He therefore ordered that it be interred secretly.

Colonel Lafayette Baker, chief of the Secret Service in Washington, who directed the man-hunt and who was a pastmaster of bluster and hokum, thereupon contrived a scheme to dispose of the body and at the same time to befuddle the public as to where it was buried. The scheme worked, worked too well, for the befuddled public began to surmise that the War Department was trying to cover up something of which it was ashamed. Baker's enigmatic replies to questions aroused further suspicions. Soon it was whispered about that the wrong man had been cornered and shot, and that the secret burial was simply a ruse to conceal a terrible mistake. The assassin had escaped! The rumor spread like wildfire; newspapers took it seriously and hurled charges at the Department. Thus the myth of Booth's elusion was born. Once current, people all over the land fancied that any handsome man with a black mustache and a game leg they encountered was the murderer. The last suspect of any note died in Oklahoma in 1903, but the Booth legend goes marching on.

By the time one has finished Mr. Lewis's book one may well wonder whether the principal Lincoln and Booth folktales were not due chiefly to bungling officials rather than to the folkminded searching for a national god. The departed Lincoln suffered almost as much in the hands of his friends as did Booth in those of his enemies.

Mr. Lewis's portrait sketches of the "cartoon assassins," the "Glory to God Man" (Boston, Corbett), and others are very skilfully done. He had as odd a collection of characters to delineate as ever performed in an American tragedy, and he has made the most of his opportunity.

A Rocket-Like Career

THE LIFE OF GEORGE ROGERS CLARK. By James Alton James. Chicago: University of Chicago Press. 1928. $5.

CLARK OF THE OHIO. By Frederick Palmer. New York: Dodd, Mead. 1929. $5.

Reviewed by Allan Nevins

THESE books, the one thorough, scholarly, and impartial, the other popular and panegyrical, appear almost simultaneously with the sesquicentennial celebrations of George Rogers Clark's most important feat. It was in February, 1779, that he and his 120 picked soldiers summoned the British post of Vincennes to surrender, captured the little garrison of seventy-nine men under Hamilton, marched into the fort, hoisted the American colors, and fired a salute of thirteen guns. It was a gallant exploit, and it has immortalized the young Virginia leader. The popular mind will always, no doubt, credit him with saving the Northwest to the nation; it will believe that his conquest of the Illinois country enabled the peace commissioners to insist in 1783 that the western boundary of the republic be drawn on the Mississippi instead of along the Alleghenies. Whether this is precisely true will always, no doubt, also be a subject for dispute among historians. The most authoritative student of Western history, the late Clarence W. Alvord, has denied it. Clark fell back from the Illinois posts in 1780, and concentrated his forces at Fort Nelson at the falls of the Ohio; his military achievements were not mentioned at the peace conference; and Dr. Alvord credited the cession of the Northwest chiefly to the magnanimity and wisdom of the Earl of Shelburne, one of the truly great British statesmen. But there are many sober historians who give Clark the greatest share of the credit.

Professor James has laid in his work the indispensable basis for all future writings on George Rogers Clark. If it were not impossible to say that any historical work is "definitive"—for each generation writes its own history—one could say it of this. For twenty years he has been the indefatigable successor of Lyman C. Draper in collecting papers pertaining to Clark; he has published two volumes of documentary materials, and three more are yet to appear. Dr. Draper, who impoverished himself in buying the *MSS* now in the archives of the State Historical Society of Wisconsin, was never able to carry out his desire to write the biography of Clark. Dr. James has been more fortunate. His book at once supplants such earlier volumes as that of Reuben Gold Thwaites, and Mr. Temple Bodley's recent one-sided work (though Mr. Bodley's book is of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

lasting value in its treatment of Western land companies and the Wilkinson plots). It is a masterly treatment of every aspect of Clark's life, well-planned, embodying a vast amount of original research, and meticulously accurate. Its style is usually undistinguished, and at times painfully dry and plodding, but this is to some extent a defect of Dr. James's virtue, his scrupulously honest adherence to fact.

It is a difficult story to present so fairly as Dr. James has done. "Clark of the Ohio" had a career which was not so much meteoric as rocket-like; a dazzling burst of military achievement, followed by a sudden descent into activities that were discreditable and seemed even to verge on treason. He was twenty-six when he led his hardy band out from Kaskaskia, over miry forest trails and flooded prairies, across the swollen little Wabash and Embarrass rivers, to take Vincennes. He was well under thirty when he took up his position, partially covering the Northwest, at his fort where Louisville now stands, and waited for peace. All this should have been the beginning of a uniformly distinguished career. Instead, the later pages of his life are filled in part with financial troubles, intemperance, and discouraged lassitude, displays of ill-will toward his State of Virginia, dubious relations with the Spanish officials of the Southwest, and a signally imprudent act, to say the least, in accepting a high military command from the French Government at the time of Genet's mischievous activities in the United States. It was important to have this subject thoroughly explored, and in a judicial spirit, without taking an attitude of defence or condemnation. Dr. James, writing in a spirit sympathetic toward Clark, but not unduly so, has enabled us to understand the tangled and shadowed story, and in so doing has rescued Clark from unfair imputations and presented him in a more favorable light.

❧ ❧ ❧

He shows just how great an exploit, in its triple aspect, was Clark's conquest of the Northwest; a conquest which demanded first the improvisation of a little army, second, a vigorous and bold campaign, and third, the wise organization of the conquered region. Clark was a son of the frontier, born in Jefferson's Albemarle County; he was familiar with the West. Commissioned a major of Virginia troops early in the Revolution and assigned by Gov. Patrick Henry to the defence of the frontier, he saw with shrewd eye just what was required. Kaskaskia on the Mississippi, he noted, was the centre of British influence over the Indian tribes, and a base for Indian operations against the Kentucky settlements; it furnished provisions for the British garrison at Detroit; and it commanded the Ohio and Mississippi rivers, preventing the Americans from obtaining goods from the Spaniards. By a quick advance in the summer of 1778 he captured the village of Kaskaskia and enlisted the friendly assistance of the French inhabitants of the district. The British under Lieutenant-Governor Hamilton at Detroit were quick to prepare counter-measures. A well-equipped expedition from Detroit, under Hamilton himself, moved forward to Vincennes on the Wabash, which they entered in December, 1778. From this point they could control the Wabash, Shawnee, and Miami Indians, they could interrupt American movements down the Ohio River, and they constantly threatened Kaskaskia and the other Illinois towns. Hamilton should have pushed forward at once to Kaskaskia and there have attacked Clark. Instead he waited for a spring campaign; and while he waited Clark took the offensive, risked all upon his surprise march to Vincennes, and gained a signal success. It was at once followed up by sagacious steps for organizing a government at both Vincennes and Kaskaskia, by the holding of the first election in Illinois, by the institution of regular courts, and by steps to allay the inevitable discontent among the French inhabitants.

❧ ❧ ❧

Dr. James explains why it was impossible to extend the American conquests, and why the plans of Clark for the capture of the strong British base at Detroit all broke down. If Pennsylvania had been willing to coöperate in a wholehearted manner with Virginia, the story might have been different. Very wisely, Clark saw the influence which the capture of Detroit would have on the terms of peace. "I wish," he wrote in 1781, "we could carry our arms to the banks of Lake Erie before a cessation would take place." But Dr. James insists that even though he had to retreat from the Illinois towns to the Ohio River, he still remained in control of a great part of the Northwest. From his fort at the Ohio falls he could prevent any move by the British toward the capture of Kaskaskia or Vincennes, even though he did not himself hold physical possession of these places; he could dominate the western trade on the Ohio and lower Mississippi; he could intimidate the Indian allies of the British on the Scioto and Miami rivers, and he had a base for operations against Detroit which might be used at any time and which kept the British there in a certain uneasiness. Dr. Alvord minimizes the practical effects of Clark's operations. "Virginia," he says, "had really only weakened the hold of the mother country on a small corner of the disputed territory." But Dr. James maintains that Virginia practically held a great part of this territory. Lord Shelburne's generosity and far-sighted concern for Anglo-American friendship, he admits, deserves great praise; but he also holds that the peace negotiators were well aware of "the facts regarding Clark's military control."

❧ ❧ ❧

Clark had deserved well of the infant republic; like many another of its unselfish servants, he was treated with neglect and ingratitude. Neither he nor his associate and friend, Oliver Pollock, who had laid out large sums in aiding Clark's expeditions, were able for years to obtain any payment for their public expenditures. Clark had made himself personally responsible for supplies purchased in the name of the State. His liability for these bills brought him into the courts and permanently impoverished him; and an indifferent legislature wrangled with him over his accounts and failed to pay him even what was palpably his due. We find him writing Governor Harrison that he is in dire personal need—"I can assure you, sir, that I am exceedingly distressed for want of the necessary clothing, etc." By his fortitude, boldness, and vision he had gained an imperial domain for Virginia and the nation, and now he was left in penury. There is something infinitely touching in the story, well supported by evidence though doubtless embellished by some legendary details, of how Virginia late in life sent Clark a sword as a testimonial of its gratitude, and how he, exclaiming, "They have sent me a toy! I want bread!" thrust it into the ground and broke off its hilt with an angry blow of his crutch. The shabby treatment he received from the government he had served so well explains, in part, his later willingness to remove beyond the boundaries of the United States, and to offer to take the leadership in erecting a great new Spanish settlement at New Madrid. It helps to explain his conduct in throwing in his lot so readily with the French in 1793. His claims against Virginia, amounting to more than $20,000, had just again been rejected by the Assembly. "Then scarcely forty years of age," as Dr. James writes, "proud, ambitious, with his services seemingly unappreciated by his country, with prospects blighted, without employment, dependent on the generosity of his family, there was left to Clark, as he thought, only a life of obscurity." It was no wonder that, approached by the French Government and encouraged by the Jeffersonian faction in the United States, he volunteered his services to Genet, and received an appointment as "major general of the independent and revolutionary legion of the Mississippi."

❧ ❧ ❧

Mr. Palmer has given to Clark's life not a little independent research, but he has added no new facts of importance to those ascertained by Temple Bodley and above all by Dr. James. What he has done is to present in highly popular and readable form a good deal of the material which Dr. James offers rather drily. In particular, Mr. Palmer, who is an expert on military affairs, has told the story of Clark's campaigns in a stirring and vigorous narrative, which carries the reader along as he is carried by many chapters in Roosevelt's "Winning of the West." In doing this, Mr. Palmer has performed a distinct service. Many who would never read any other book on Clark will read his, and will bring away a distinct and fairly sound impression of the Virginia hero. Mr. Palmer also sketches in with broad, highly-colored strokes the background of frontier life, manners, and methods of fighting. Unfortunately, his book betrays throughout his lack of any thorough knowledge of either Western history or general American history, subjects which cannot be "gotten up" in six months for the purposes of a popular biography. There are numerous errors of fact, and still more glaring errors of interpretation and comment. Moreover, having been planned as a popular biography, his book slights many of the less striking portions of Clark's life. While the military episodes are treated with great detail, the Wilkinson intrigues and land-company adventures are passed over rapidly, and there is no real treatment whatever of Clark's relations with Genet and the French. We find, too, that disproportionate space is given to such matters as the supposed romance of Clark with Teresa de Leyba, which belongs to legend rather than to history. The illustrations of the book deserve a special word of praise.

A Comedy of Manners

HIGH WALLS. By ARTHUR TUCKERMAN. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Company. 1929. $2.

Reviewed by ELMER DAVIS

HERE is a daring novel. In an age when all women diet, or at least constantly threaten to begin dieting tomorrow, heroines must approximate the ideal. (Milly of "Expiation" was fat, of course, but she was in divers ways an exception to the general run of heroines.) Mr. Tuckerman endeavors to enlist our sympathy, and with success, for a definitely large heroine who had not Milly's extenuations of middle age and widowhood. Not that Greta Cass-Evans was actually stout, but she had a visibly molded figure—a big, vital body, says the author, made for love. So from Page 3 on one looks forward to Greta's getting of the love for which she was made; which foreseen conclusion takes away some of the pleasure in the earlier chapters.

It is these earlier chapters that are the delight of the book, and that drive the reviewer to a probably unreasonable wish that Mr. Tucker would throw plots and happy endings overboard and develop his unusual gift for the more acid forms of the comedy of manners. It is a comedy of good manners, too, or of what were called good manners twenty-five years ago. The high walls that hemmed Greta in, we are told, are the conventions; but in fact Greta was not so much hemmed in as besieged by a mother who is one of the most engagingly detestable characters in recent fiction. Mrs. Cass-Evans dragged her daughter from one Continental resort hotel to another, always out of season; because only out of season could she dominate the company. The picture of this old hellion, and the out-of-season hotels, and the people she met there—not to mention Charles Winbridge, the egregious ass she had selected as her daughter's husband—is done with an insight and a neatness that are an unending joy. A rarer virtue among comedians of manners, Mr. Tuckerman is able to manage his more sympathetic characters quite as well; Greta and her cousin, May Tenby, are as alive, and as truthfully reported, as her mother, and the English clergymen and Bostonian old maids of the hotels.

But unfortunately Mr. Tuckerman decides that he must have action, so he takes all his characters on a West Indian cruise. Here again is shrewd and amusing observation; but presently the party lands, and the reader who has been chuckling steadily is hauled off into earthquake and fire, a coup d'état, and an assassination, the flaming up of pure and holy, if technically illicit, passion, the great act of renunciation, and in due time the happy ending. All well enough if you care for that sort of thing, but plenty of people can do it. Not so many can manage the thing that Mr. Tuckerman has done, and done most delightfully, in the first half of the book.

Last year was the most prosperous in the history of the American Library in Paris. In its circulation work it is now on a self-supporting basis.

The Saturday Review of LITERATURE

HENRY SEIDEL CANBY.....*Editor*
AMY LOVEMAN.....*Managing Editor*
WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.....*Contributing Editor*
CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.....*Contributing Editor*
NOBLE A. CATHCART.....*Publisher*

Published weekly, by The Saturday Review Co., Inc., Henry S. Canby, President; Roy E. Larsen, Vice President; Noble A. Cathcart, Secretary-Treasurer, 25 West 45th Street, New York. Subscription rates, per year, postpaid: in the U. S. and Mexico, $3.50; in Canada, $4; in Great Britain, 18 shillings; elsewhere, 4.50. All business communications should be addressed to 25 West 45th Street, New York. Entered as second class matter at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 1, 1879. Vol. 5. No. 50.
Copyright, 1929, by The Saturday Review Co., Inc.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Two Poets

PROPHET AND FOOL. By Louis Golding. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company, 1929. $2.

MANHATTAN MEN. By Alfred Kreymborg. New York: Coward-McCann. 1929. $2.

Reviewed by Josephine Pinckney

THOSE readers who have come to know Louis Golding through *Poetry: A Magazine of Verse* and other magazines will take up with appetite a volume of poems by this sensitive English poet. It is always a portentous moment for a poet when he offers a volume to his public; the latter may have taken pleasure in a casual magazine acquaintance with his work,—but a bookful of him? The test is a severe one, enforcing a comparison of his poems one with another, rather than with work of contrasting timbre, and the consequent searching of his dearest faults.

Louis Golding happily confronts this dilemma with the variety of his texture both as to material and form. He savors fully the ever-surviving English tradition, and of all the different manners this one seems properly his own. At times he appears to be of what might almost be called the bardic descent with his fondness for invocations, repetitions, the balance of long and short lines,—a fine tradition withal—and he celebrates his beloved rural England with the allusive pictorial language appropriate to pastoral poetry. Yet Mr. Golding is too imaginative to fall into the commonplaces of tradition, and he makes use of other manners whenever it suits his taste. To be sure, some strains are less authentic than others, and one is sometimes forced to the conclusion that he has read Walter de la Mare:

> Lyrria is an old country.
> Lost travellers tremble and call.
> A very white, wan, weird country
> Where never came traveller at all.

But perhaps the trouble is with Mr. de la Mare, who has put such a definite mark on a certain kind of enchantment that it is as if he had drawn a magic circle round it thrice and prevented any other poet from touching it. And Mr. Golding does not lack a magic of his own; he has lovely and strange fantasies, a most engaging humor, and a gentle religious mysticism. One would like to quote indefinitely, but with the exigencies of reviewing space one can only advise the reader to take a taste for himself. He is sure to like "Shepherd Singing Ragtime" with its flute-like concluding lyric:

> This is the song that shepherds must
> Sing till the green downlands be dust
> And tide of sheep-drift no more flow;
>
> The song two skylarks told again
> To all the sheep and shepherd men
> On green downs where winds blow.

Green downs which Mr. Golding knows, has strayed on and apprehended with his five wits and conjured up for us. They are as familiar to him as the slum streets which he also conjures up, sordid and pitiful enough to his despairing eyes, but sometimes dividing,—moving mysteriously aside, to allow the emergence of loveliness.

The least satisfying section of the book is that containing the war poems. The encompassing of the Great War in a poem, or even in several poems, seems to be an insuperable task for the writer of this generation,—not for lack of feeling, for Mr. Golding and other war poets have been deeply gashed by the sharpness of death. But although they have written sincere poetry, it somehow leaves a dissatisfaction; the unthinkable horror has not been told.

Mr. Kreymborg is a poet with a crisp intelligence, a sense of humor, and a true feeling for his kind, but in spite of these three valuable qualities "Manhattan Men" is disappointing. It lacks the genuine whimsy of his earlier poems that justified the deliberate naiveté of his chosen and characteristic poetic forms. Here the deliberate naiveté often seems deliberate triviality, and while one sympathizes with the principle that seems to underlie this and many another opus of the modern school in which Mr. Kreymborg has been a distinct influence, —namely that pomposity must be avoided at all costs—still one feels that however petty and shoddy humanity may be, its tragedies are not without some inherent dignity. Mr. Kreymborg belittles these tragedies by casting them in the moulds of light verse, though he himself clearly observes them with the deepest sympathy. In fact his sympathy almost betrays him into contributing to the Literature of Protest, and there, of course, are pitfalls, such as the theme he reiterates that everybody on Park Avenue is blind, stupid, and crass, while everybody in the tenderloin is not. To repeat, he has a genuine sympathy for these sad ones; it is in his forms,—his rhythms and rhymes that he belittles them. Perhaps the most tragic poem in the collection is "A Barker Incites an Old Man to Spend a Cent," in which the old man is induced to put a penny in a slot machine to see a hula-hula girl dancing, and the machine shuts off leaving him tormented by the vision of youth and femininity now beyond his reach. The vehicle chosen for this is a *vers de societé*:

> If the girls you used to know
> with their little hills of snow
> never kept their golden eyes aglow
> for you,
>
> And the ones you wished to wed
> married other men instead
> and to each and every other bed
> were true . . .

The poem is a moving one in spite of the jingle; but what can really be done with tragedy Mr. Kreymborg shows in "Harlem Stoop," the picture of a shy adolescent bedeviled by two girls, "moving about the stoop like movie queens—"

> Who have lured him there and laid him low together,
> Who loiter along the old and shadowy stoop
> And turn three steps to moonish balconies
> For further conquest of the world below—
> The world below a boy too shy to speak. . . .

a poem whose form has beauty and dignity without ever becoming ponderous. And there is a beautiful poem called "To the Tune of a Hurdy-gurdy" in which the rhythm of an old Bowery waltz is perfectly adapted to the poem. Like Mr. Golding Mr. Kreymborg writes of the slums without minimizing their drabness, but seeing them occasionally bathed in the golden light of poetry.

Poetry: Its Friendly Enemies

THE GOOD ESTATE OF POETRY. By Chauncey Brewster Tinker. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. An Atlantic Monthly Press Publication. 1929.

Reviewed by O. W. Firkins

MR. TINKER has fittingly dedicated to the memories of Henry Augustin Beers and Charlton M. Lewis a useful and agreeable volume. Useful, because the tilts or inflexions of its teachings are very generally valid; agreeable, because the author's temper is summarized in a favorite oldtime word of lessening currency,—the word affable. The eight essays might be said to deal with the theory of poetry, if "theory" did not suggest angularities totally foreign to the rounded suppleness of Mr. Tinker's urbanely deprecating style. As theory, they deal less with the essence of poetry than with its hygiene, that is, with precepts for the conversation of its health.

Poetry suffers from what I have ventured to call its friendly enemies, persons who tend to forget the poem in the study of its relation to the other things, the author's life, the poem's origin, the literary movement, and the national spirit. Somebody once said that the best thing about Boston was the five-o'clock train to New York, and there are people for whom the best thing about poetry is the escape that it offers into prose. Mr. Tinker, though a critic, enjoys poetry, and he writes these essays largely to protect his joy. In this aspect his work is almost wholly just and sane. It may be said that this strain of thought is not original. Perhaps not, but that is a fact which destroys neither its timeliness nor its value. Where the obvious tends to be ignored, nothing is so much to the purpose as the obvious.

Mr. Tinker's method is analysis. The subject may demand that method; if so, I doubt if the demand be altogether fortunate for Mr. Tinker. He is an uncritical analyst. A trifling point may furnish an example. "Damnation," says Mr. Tinker, "may perhaps be final. Certain authors, like the Sadducees, must look for no survival." But isn't damnation always final, and didn't the Sadducees foresee extinction for *everybody?* If these queries do not bother the reader, his relations with Mr. Tinker will be unclouded; if they do, his felicity will not be unalloyed. "Poetry and the Reader," the final essay, contains some excellent observations, but as a whole it hardly grapples with the difficult problem as to how a future which is itself conditional can become a surety to anybody for an unconditioned immortality. The lighter problem sometimes decoys Mr. Tinker from the graver; Fifine distracts him from Elvire. I feel this in the third essay; I feel it still more in the seventh, where the critic-priest, who had seemed ready to offer the consecrated wine to the reader's lips before the altar, is content finally to invite him to the rectory for a cup of tea.

Mr. Tinker, though American and professor, is un-American and unprofessorial enough to write an English which is practically flawless. His style is simple, shapely, and well-bred; its evenness or constancy is remarkable in a time where a self-respecting level is rarer and more distinguished than insecurity on any peak or ledge. He has one bad moment; on page 85 the American people "get it in the neck." I shall attempt no explanation of this lapse, but I am sure that the accusing spirit who flew up to Apollo's high chancery with that phrase "blushed" as he gave it in. Mr. Tinker is sparing of ornament, but a title like "Caverns Measureless to Man" (meaning the concealed springs of inspiration) illustrates his felicity in the conversion of timely poetic allusion into vivid metaphor. He quotes much and aptly, and altogether his little book pleasantly reminds us that poetry is still enjoyable and still enjoyed—points on which, in an age of scholiasts and mockers, reassurance is never superflous and always welcome.

Where Is Wisdom?

THE INTELLIGENT MAN'S GUIDE TO MARRIAGE AND CELIBACY. By "Juanita Tanner." Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. 1929. $3.50.

Reviewed by Richard Curle

THIS is a provocative book, but then with such a title it could not very well have been anything else, unless it had been trite and sugary—which it certainly is not. But whether an intelligent man will feel guided or bewildered after reading it depends, probably, more on his temperamental reactions than on his intelligence. In any case, he will certainly have had some interesting hours, for the author has an alert and probing mind, avoiding dulness on the one hand and too much smartness on the other. Indeed, in the directness of the language and the revolutionary angle of the thought she almost justifies the rather silly device of pretending that she is the daughter of John Tanner, the hero of "Man and Superman," and thus the grand-daughter of Mr. Bernard Shaw.

But if we begin to ask ourselves what is the central core of her argument, on what foundation the book is built, the difficulty arises of stringing together a harmonious theory out of a mass of generalizations. It is easy to criticize an imperfect world, it is easy to suggest improvements right and left, but it is extraordinarily hard to alter the habits of centuries. Things are what they are because mankind is what it is.

The book is full of acute reasoning, clearly expressed. Consider, for example, the following:—

> An unintelligent man who laughs at his wife for reading the society page instead of the market reports is the very sort to insist that woman's place is in the home. Such a person thinks that his wife's choice of reading proves his point, when it only proves that she has given too much attention to the idea he advances.

But unfortunately acuteness of thought and clarity of expression do not necessarily mean soundness of judgment, and it is obvious that the truth of such a quotation could be argued backwards and forwards. The need to qualify vitiates the truth of most generalizations and the more assertive a writer is, the more should one be on one's guard.

And this writer is decidedly assertive. She takes her courage in both hands and makes dogmatic statements which some men, intellegent or otherwise, might demur at. For instance:—

> Sex is fundamentally a physical characteristic and for this reason it must be, to an intelligent person, fundamentally unimportant.

First of all, what does she mean by "unimportant," and secondly, is not sex infinite in its manifestations? How can a thing be "fundamentally unimportant" that influences inherently, as well as self-consciously, the characters of every one of us? What is meant by sex may, of course, be interpreted according to the nature of one's argument, but it is

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

dangerous to be positive when experience warns us to be wary.

Sometimes she is very happy in her analysis. Consider this description of romance:—

> Romance in plain fact is a mode of prayer for those who do not pray in the accepted manner; it is also a form of prophecy acceptable, as certain clever novelists have discovered, to a public suspicious of the seer. It is, in short, humanity's best conception of things as they ought to be, and as it is somewhat freer than the church in its approach to heaven it is a better barometer of the sort of heaven people want.

Admirably and amusingly said. Like her illustrious "grandfather" the author may be an anti-romantic, but she certainly perceives that romance is a power. That word also, of course, may mean anything you like, but as a general definition of its appeal "Juanita Tanner" hits the nail on the head.

Her book is very readable, as might be expected from the work of a woman at once brilliant, modern, and self-assured. She has considered all the problems and settled a good many of them. Life lies before her like a map and she wants to show you the path of wisdom. But that is one of these odd things that most people have to discover for themselves, and wisdom has a million facets. Even intelligent men are more subject to their temperaments than to their intelligence, and it is only in theory that humanity governs its daily existence by methods of pure logic.

An American Historian

JAMES FORD RHODES, AMERICAN HISTORIAN. By M. A. DeWolfe Howe. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1929. $3.50.

Reviewed by William MacDonald

RHODES enjoyed the uncommon distinction of having been first a successful man of business and afterwards a successful historian, the former career having been rather deliberately pursued to support the latter. His academic education was fragmentary, and he went naturally into the coal and iron business at Cleveland. In 1885, with a comfortable fortune at his command, he retired, and thereafter devoted himself exclusively to history. The years that followed brought him many honors, among them membership in the American Academy of Arts and Letters, the presidency of the American Historical Association, and the first incumbency of a lectureship in American history and institutions at Oxford University.

Rhodes's fame as a historian rests upon his "History of the United States since the Compromise of 1850," a work which, with some changes of title, eventually extended to nine volumes and brought the narrative down to 1909. Criticism of this great work has been divided between praise of its comprehensiveness, its lack of strong bias, and, in the earlier volumes at least, its dignified and readable style, and surprise or regret at what it does not contain. Both appraisals are sound, and both have their reasons. It was Rhodes' misfortune to begin writing at a time when interest in political history of the accustomed kind was waning, and the attention of scholars was being turned more to economic and social matters and the history of ideas. It was in these latter directions that the younger generation of American students, although trained, many of them, under teachers of the older school, were seeking light upon phenomena which, in the American field, had hitherto been explained chiefly upon political or constitutional grounds. The Constitution, it was admitted, we have always with us, and political parties mill their round, but what of the economics of slavery and finance, westward expansion, transportation, population, immigration, racial problems, agriculture, and religious and educational activities? What have these things, as well as the politicians and the courts, contributed to American life?

* * *

There is no reason for thinking that Rhodes despised the newer history or shrank from its exacting method. He searched widely for authorities, and he used the documents with care. No pains were spared in hunting for what he wanted, and his wealth enabled him to summon more than one accomplished scholar to his aid. His point of view, however, was political, and it was political history that he wrote. His treatment of economic and social situations, always informing and often competent, was nevertheless episodical rather than of the warp and woof of the story. Presidents, statesmen, politicians, debates in Congress, political programs, foreign policies in their political reactions—these, with the military operations of the Civil War, were the kind of thing that most appealed to him; what remained was incidental.

It seems at first surprising that the change in the historical point of view that was rapidly coming about should have made, on the whole, so slight an impression upon him, for his personal contacts were extraordinarily wide. Mr. Howe's delightful biography, while going only a little way in its critical estimate of Rhodes's historical work, reveals Rhodes as a man gifted beyond most in the ability to make friends. He was one of the best of good fellows. His house, particularly during his residence in Boston, was a notable meeting-place for distinguished people, and he was a welcome guest in political and literary circles in England and on the Continent. He spoke German and French, and in his later years went often abroad. It may well be doubted if any American scholar of his generation knew so many important and interesting men and women, or knew them so well. His letters abound in genial observations on what went on about him, and he seems to have weighed carefully what he heard said. Nevertheless, close as he was to the cultural interests of his time, he was only in a special and limited fashion a part of them. His one preoccupation was history, and his intellectual roots were in the generations that looked at history as primarily something which statesmen make, and its story as the finest literary interest of a gentleman. A gentleman he certainly was, and a scholar too, but his course, once it had been set, remained essentially unchanged.

* * *

One can understand, accordingly, why the interest of his great book runs down hill. The first two volumes made a sensation; the third volume was well received; then, with the remaining instalments, popular and scholarly interest somewhat declined. Some allowance, of course, must be made for the strain which a series of stout volumes puts upon public attention, but the explanation of the diminishing regard in which Rhodes's later volumes were held is to be found, not in their number or their bulk, but in their contents and point of view. Once the Civil War was finished and slavery had disappeared, the disparity between Rhodes's predominant concern with politics and the large economic and social changes which were taking place in the United States became apparent, and it was seen that what he was offering was only a part of the national story. It can never be said of Rhodes, as it can be said of George Bancroft, that the sooner his "History" is forgotten the better off the historically-minded American will be, for the best of what he wrote will long continue to be read and prized, but there is little likelihood that any other American scholar will think it worth while to essay the writing of American history since 1850 in the fashion in which Rhodes wrote it.

Mr. Howe has had the great advantage of a personal intimacy with Rhodes, and he has been industrious in collecting and sifting the rather scanty data that there are about Rhodes's life. Beyond most biographies of American men of letters the book has charm, and its glimpses of the cultivated circle in which Rhodes moved are a welcome contribution to our intellectual annals.

You Have the Best of It

(*Continued from page* 1155)

the stacks on the book-counters a volume fairly likely to appeal to his particular taste. Before he even saw it, that book has been appraised and re-appraised and re-appraised. Possibly it turns out to be mediocre. That, in fact—human beings being what they are—is a rather frequent occurrence. It is nevertheless equally a fact that a great deal of energy has been expended upon it, by the publishers to produce and sell it, by the critics and reviewers to damn. So we say, you, the Average Reader, really have the best of it, all the best of it. You can pass it by; you can flip open the jacket and lay it aside after a glance; and when you do sit down to read it, and if you enjoy it, you are responsible only to your own personal taste. You are in no way accountable for its existence in the first place, nor are you supposed to render an expert opinion. "No, but I really liked it," is a remark that will "get you by." Your opinion is your own and as good as the next man's. Meanwhile you had a pleasant evening. And you don't have to consider the individual merits of thirty other different volumes on the morrow. "Some people have all the luck!"

Portraits of Women

SIX MRS. GREENES. By Lorna Rea. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1929. $2.50.

Reviewed by Gladys Graham

THESE are not portraits of the six women who married into the Greene family and so became the "Six Mrs. Greenes." Portraits catch the sitter at a moment only. However skilfully the artist may infuse into that moment the effects of the years of living and instants of life that lie behind it, the portrayed is held, arrested, for observation. The six women presented by Mrs. Rea are never halted, never even slowed down in their living that they may be more closely observed. They move along at their own tempos of life, and the reader is permitted to move with each of them for a few pages, a few days.

Old Mrs. Greene is the first. And here is age from the inside out. We have seen old ladies in fiction before this sitting stiffly in afternoons, but when have we known with them that morning irritation "involved in thrusting out each leg to have its stocking drawn on . . . so intense as to amount to pain," or the daily stab of the sheer "indignity of physical helplessness"? We have read before the inconsequential speech and unrelated vagaries of a grandmother or a great-grandmother, but when have we felt her actual annoyance "at being interrupted in that restless, uncontrollable reverie which was all that remained . . . of thought," or with her "groped in her mind for the reason and then stumbled on it suddenly"? The mills of age are here, grinding exceeding small; the intolerable, minute courage required from moment to moment; the gained wisdom; the encroaching childishness; and the fine flame of unique personality guttering dangerously before the wind of years. Old Mrs. Greene, hail and farewell!

And young Mrs. Hugh Becket Greene is the last. She is Jessica Deane in the morning, in the beginning of the chapter, and Mrs. Greene by night, at the end of the chapter. Through this sun-bright, frost-cool wedding-day dart the colors and sounds and scents of youth. Under the brilliant broken surfaces of the sketch Mrs. Rea has somehow caused to flow currents of life that run on far beyond the day; out of the past, somewhat known, they converge momentarily in Jessica, moving on into the future, unknown—or in old Mrs. Greene? Jessica is shimmering, mercurial youth. The quick flame of her personality flares to acrid modernism of the day after tomorrow at one moment and sinks again to the softened radiance that can never be dated at all, the next. Jessica in her lover's arms, Jessica in her father's arms, cursing herself for being a damn fool, or shakenly gay at the golden omen of the sun in her hair, always she, Jessica, in the brave, bright armor of youth.

There are four other Mrs. Greenes in the book, but they never quite reach the level of reality achieved by the oldest and the youngest. And yet—one remembers gentle Mrs. Hugh Greene with her beautifully blended love of life and acceptance of death, and Mrs. Geoffrey H. Greene, red-haired, green-frocked, vivid against the blue of her studio door. The terrible, arranging Mrs. Rodney Greene, whose only love-tie is the strangle-hold, and Mrs. Edwin Greene, the sycophant bore, are the two least sympathetically treated. It is possible to sum up each, however inadequately, almost in a phrase. The others escape such labelling through their realized complexity. So, decidedly, does the book as a whole.

Forres, where Mr. MacDonald recently met Gen. Dawes, is unholy ground in the literary sense, according to the London *Observer*, for it was there ("a heath near Forres") that the Three Witches pronounced their damning prophecy upon Macbeth. The exact spot is not indicated, for Banquo's question, "How far is't called to Forres?" gets no answer—unless the "Witches' Stone" which the visitors passed provides one. Much of "Macbeth" centres on Forres; the royal palace is there, and the camp with the bleeding sergeant, and the park in which Banquo was murdered.

The second volume of the Vulgate Bible in the revised edition was issued recently and a specially prepared copy was presented to the Pope Pius XI by the Benedictines working upon it.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Bowling Green

The Folder

JUST one small question, to see if it lures any zealots from the underbrush—does anybody still read John Galt's "Annals of the Parish"? Is it still in print? Macmillan reprinted it, deliciously illustrated by Charles Brock, in 1895, and the Oxford Press gave it a hand about twenty years ago. Isn't it about time it bobbed up again for a new wreath of laurel? I can imagine no pleasanter evening than to hear it read aloud by a Scotchman. It was John Galt's intention "to write a book that would be for Scotland what *The Vicar of Wakefield* is for England." In some respects it is considerably more humorous than the *Vicar*. Why is it so much less known? The Scottish lingo, perhaps.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

Mr. Vincent Starrett, connoisseur of many arts and all-around Man of Feeling, has uttered an excellent commendation of a certain bookshop which I also much admire and too seldom visit. To give our alert-minded clients the pleasures of the chase, I shall not identify the shop except by saying that the names of the two proprietors are, first, that of a famous poem by Masefield, and second, a coniferous tree; and that if the number of the Avenue where the shop is situated be represented by X, then the house number is $11\ (X + 1)$.

Mr. Starrett's comment is as follows:—

I have hunted books in a hundred cities, and have found no friendlier shop than that of ——— and ———. This not alone with reference to its proprietors, but with reference to its shelves, its tables, its regiments of books, its delightful downstairs appearance of ordered chaos. For bookshops have personalities of their own, caught as much from their accidental felicities as from the conversation of their sponsors. And going down the curving steps into the Rare Book Basement, there was a certain rhythm that pleased me. As I looked around me at the profusion of tables, like a chain of islands, I felt the warm glow that precedes discovery. I knew that books were hidden here for me alone. It was as if my coming had been expected. At the front, under the mosaic skylight whose upper surface was the sidewalk, there were more books behind the glass doors of tall cases; and there was no difficulty about the key. Overhead, the dull tramp of feet was a soothing overtone of sound. I looked about me covertly. Standing about in the long room was the right number of abstracted bookmen, their noses between the pages of books. Nobody seemed disposed to bother me with questions about what I wanted. On the whole, I decided, here was the right sort of Bookshop for anybody's money and the feeling stole over me that I would spend a great many hours in these precincts. I was not mistaken.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

Always attentive to the casual miracles of the mail, when a circular announced itself as "The Most Basically Spiritual Movement Ever Undertaken on Earth" I naturally carried it home for more curious inspection. My first line of defence is the large paper-basket in the post-office at Roslyn Heights. I myself bought that basket and gifted it (as the Scots say) to the U. S. Government in order that I might feel entitled to discard a large proportion of the incoming mail at the source, so to speak, without the anxiety of carrying it home. And my second line of defence is a decent inertia. Long I defer destroying papers of any sort, having the savage's superstition about Written Words; you never know whether there may not lurk some magic in them, which may presently become apparent. So it is well to let them lie.

The circular referred to has passed both outworks, and examining it more closely I see that it deals with The Fasting Clubs of Chicago, Organized For Worldwide Regeneration. The entrepreneur is Dr. George Huntley Aron, Ph. D., A. M., and for some mystic reason we are told that he was "born at Chicago, March 30, 1893."

In theory I have always believed in—I won't say Fasting, but in trying to Eat Less; in act, however, I falter. I remember with pleasure, that Dr. Hereward Carrington, who is listed as one of the Illuminati of Inanition, once was my host at a very generous meal at his home, so even the experts are not always rigid. But there is something very cheering in the advertisement of the Fasting Clubs in the Chicago Daily News:—

OUR TRIPLE PURPOSE:

(1) To Regenerate the World with Advertising of Fasting Knowledge as an Act of Philanthropy.
(2) To Provide Free Facilities for Fasting in Chicago, as an Act of Philanthropy.
(3) To Regenerate Ourselves, to Act as Free Instruments of God in the New Civilization at Hand.

WE PROCLAIM TWO (2) PRINCIPLES

First, "That the Psychological condition during Fasting is the Key to Worldwide Regeneration."
Second, "That the Hypnotizing and Re-education of the World's Subconscious Mind by Holding the PERFECT VISION during Fasting is a Reality."

DR. ARON and Staff of FASTERS will leave for the MILLSON 1,000-acre PRIVATE ESTATE in the ROCKY MOUNTAINS, on July 22d for the "IDEAL FAST," lasting from 40 to 90 days.

FREE DOUBLE LECTURE. No collection.
TUESDAY, JUNE 4, AT KIMBALL HALL
Room 828, at 8 P. M. Sharp

Six (6) letters of encouragement from Cooperators or Fasters in this week's mail will be read, as follows:
(1) Percy Ward of The Rationalist University Society.
(2) Alice Boyd of The Theosophical Society.
(3) Rose Berger, Nurse at The Municipal Tuberculosis Dispensary.
(4) Ross K. New, Late Editor of "The Occult Digest Magazine."
(5) Nannie Vercenius Keeler of The Church School of Self-Help.
(6) Harry Owen Saxon, Publisher and Author of "VIBRATIONS."

From 9:30 to 10:00 p. m. An open conversation between audience and speaker, with 5-minute talks from experienced fasters.
This week's MYSTERY SINGER will render her famous song, "OH! SWEET MYSTERY OF LIFE AT LAST I FOUND YOU."
(Letters in advance to Secretary from visiting celebrities can reserve seats.)

FREE INSTRUCTION ON FASTING

now being revised and printed, will be sent promptly when ready by mail to all that write the Secretary, inclosing a stamped, self-addressed No. 9 (3⅞x8⅞) return envelope.

There is a certain amount of quaint mystical sense in all this; and we should enjoy hearing from any of the staff of FASTERS telling us how things are going in their Rocky Mountain—ahem—fastness. Dr. Aron's address is given as Edgewater Athletic Club, Chicago.

The tough time will be on the train from Chicago toward the Rockies, when the coon in a white coat goes through to announce "Dinner Now being Served in the Dining Car." Then will Dr. George and his Staff have to hang on hard to the Perfect Vision.

Two of the most curious lectures announced in the Club's program are:—"The Relation of Fasting to *Who's Who in America for 1929*," and "If I Am One of the World Teachers, Fasting Will Disclose It."

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

It strikes me as very characteristic of the pulp-headed human animal that while writing the above I suddenly remembered I had left Donny, the emeritus sheep-dog, chained to a tree in the garden, without his usual mid-evening snack. It was 11 p. m., and he had been there three hours, too gentlemanly to complain. I admit that no matter how instructive it may be to vapor about Fasting I had not meant to impose it on Donny. . . . Not that I'm offering any apology for his temporary vinculation. It's the only way to keep an elderly sheep-dog tacit. Donny, though he has never seen a sheep in his life, has a positive instinct that flocks and flocks of them are going to be harried every summer evening. There is a neighboring police-dog that looks to Donny's brooding eye unpleasantly like a wolf; and a thousand sheep-dog generations whisper in Donny's custodian heart that that lean stranger means dirty work. To see his square indignant figure go lumbering and yelling to defense is to be reminded of W. J. Bryan when the Book of Genesis was said to be in danger.

So Donny was manumitted, and we visited the ice-box together. And within five minutes of his release the night was shaken with his indomitable barytone.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

Let us examine the other side of the doctrine, however. (I refer again to Fasting.) Flagrant student of Both Sides, I turn to a famous old book of the Victorian era, "Advice to a Wife," by Dr. Pye Henry Chavasse (12th edition, 1877), a work widely consulted by an older generation on problems of ethics and health. Many of us now in the mezzo-del-cammin stage of life are what we are by reason of Pye Henry Chavasse, author of "Aphorisms for Parents" and "Advice to a Mother on the Management of Her Children." Dr. Chavasse was all in favor of sturdy nourishment. Nothing is more revealing of the social history of an epoch than its medical works. Here is Dr. Chavasse on the subject of the Victorian breakfast:

The meagre breakfasts of many young wives is one cause of so much sickness and of so many puny children in the world. Let every young wife, and indeed every one else, make a substantial breakfast. A breakfast ought, as a rule, to consist either of eggs or of cold chicken, or of cold game, or of bacon, or of ham, or of cold meat, or of mutton chops, or of fish, and of plenty of good bread and *not* of either hot buttered toast, or of hot rolls swimming in butter; both of which latter articles are like giving the stomach sponge to digest, and making the partaker of such food for the rest of the day feel weak, spiritless, and miserable. A meagre, unsubstantial breakfast causes a sinking sensation of the stomach and bowels, and a miserable depression of spirits. Robert Browning truly and quaintly remarks that

"A sinking at the lower abdomen
Begins the day with indifferent omen."

Excellent Dr. Chavasse! I like to think of him beginning the day in his prosperous breakfast room at 214, Hagley Road, Edgbaston, Birmingham, England, rosy about the gills and with a platter of cold game and watercress. As one who rarely takes anything but coffee for breakfast nowadays, I can dispassionately protest his omission of what are beyond question the two finest of all morning meats—scrapple, and kidneys.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

One of Dr. Chavasse's mannerisms, as he was a practitioner among the distinctly genteel classes, is always to refer to his patients as "ladies." So uncouth a word as *woman* rarely appears in his book. It is always agreeable to the student of moeurs to observe that habits thought to be strictly contemporary are very ancient indeed. Dr. Chavasse is very strict on the subject of the large quantities of gin drunk by young ladies. It appears that there was a good deal of feminine lushing done even in the Dion Boucicault era. (How many people, by the way, know that Boucicault's full name was Dionysius Lardner Boucicault?) I quote Dr. Chavasse's anxieties:

It is surprising, now-a-days, the quantity of wine some few young single ladies at parties can imbibe without being intoxicated; but whether, if such ladies marry, they will make fruitful vines, is quite another matter. . . . The champagne-cup is a fashionable and favourite beverage at parties, especially at dances. It is a marvel to note how girls will, in quantities, imbibe its contents. How cheerful they are after it; how bright their colours; how sparkling their eyes; how voluble their tongues, how brilliant their ideas! But, alas! the effects are very evanescent—dark clouds soon o'ershadow the horizon, and all is changed! How pale, after it, they become; how sallow their complexions; how dim their eyes; how silent their tongues; how depressed their spirits. The champagne cup is one of the most fascinating but most desperately dangerous and deceptive drinks a young girl can imbibe, and should be shunned as the plague. Young men who witness their proceedings admire them vastly as partners for the evening, but neither covet nor secure them as partners for life.

If a lady takes to drinking too much wine, she is not satisfied with the light wines, but at length flies to stronger—to wines usually fortified with brandy, or even, at last to brandy itself! I am quite aware that ladies have great temptations to resort to wine to cheer them in their hours of depression and loneliness, but no lady should ever exceed two glasses of wine daily, sherry as a rule being best for the purpose.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

Really good detective stories, by the way, for anodyne and nepenthe, are "The Doctor Who Held Hands," by Hulbert Footner, and "The Purple Sickle Murders," by Freeman Wills Crofts. Mr. Footner's Madame Storey, perhaps the only credible woman detective, should have been mentioned by Dorothy Sayers in her excellent essay on sleuth fiction. Mr. Crofts' sleuth, Inspector French, is one of the few detectives, who gets real help from his wife's suggestions.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

Among specially taking fragments of chance, I like a little announcement from New York University. It says: How to Reach the Hall of Fame—*Take Broadway Express of the West Side Subway. Allow at least forty minutes.*

And what a tremolo of romance prosodies itself in the address Dr. Canby left for correspondence when he set off on vacation. Sing it to yourself some hot day as you come along 45th Street toward the Saturday Review office, where one's best thrill is the adjacent show-room of Frigidaire. Here it is, and what a metrical refrain—

Burg Finstergruen,
Bei Ramingstein,
Land Salzburg,
Oesterreich!

Christopher Morley.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Books of Special Interest

The Essence of Religion

RELIGION. By EDWARD SCRIBNER AMES. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1929. $3.

Reviewed by DOUGLAS V. STEERE
Haverford College

PHILIP WICKSTEED somewhere, in speaking of Thomas Aquinas, remarks that through a flash of prophetic genius he realized that after all, the fate of religion did not hang on the irresistible quality of his arguments in its behalf. And just because religion does outlive her apologists and survive her antagonists, it has challenged each generation afresh to assess it and discover the source of its enduring quality.

In his "Religion," Professor Ames gives a clear and readable popular presentation of a position that is held by many people in this country. They are for the most part socially-minded and psychologically trained religious educationists, who, not content to study the changing procession of saints, sacred writings, and institutions of the Christian religion, would penetrate beneath them and give a scientific estimate of the forces that raise them up, support, and alter them.

The authority of revelation is utterly rejected as an adequate explanation of men's belief in God and of their religious practices. The explanation must come exclusively from within human experience. By human experience, the experience of men in solitude is emphatically not what is meant. No quarter is given to Professor Whitehead's much quoted definition of religion as "what the individual does with his solitariness." Because men have habitually resorted to solitude in order to commune with the divine does not alter the essentially social nature of that very act of communion. Religion for Professor Ames is rather what men do with their social ideals. As a social process, if it is to be understood, religion must be studied as a phenomenon in the social history of the race. Here the French school of social anthropology is followed in pointing first to elementary human wants, to their emergence in group life as social longings and aspirations, and their final projection into the universe, where they are known as religion. Of this placing of men's social aspirations in a frame of cosmic reference, he says: "This forward thrust of every deed into an unknown and inexhaustible future calls for faith and for a certain commitment to the nature of the world, to what may be meant by the providence of God."

The implications of this position are ruthlessly followed out. Prayer is found to be conversation between myself and the socialized other aspect of myself which embodies my social ideals. Churches, written revelations, liturgies, the very traits in Jesus which each generation chooses to exalt and emulate, never rise above their source which is in the "social experience of fallible men." This and this alone is the irresistible force in religion.

Antagonists of religion have often enough reduced religion to the social elements present in it, especially since the appearance of Feurbach's penetrating "Essence of Christianity" in the middle of the nineteenth century. To be satisfied with such an account as a total picture of religion, and yet to reject as Professor Ames does the natural conclusion that religion is merely subjective and illusory, is beyond the power of any one not wedded to the pragmatist's dogma that the socially useful is the true. To declare that for man God is as real as the cosmos, is hardly accurate, for even a radical empiricist must admit that there are more methods of testing the reality of physical objects than of determining the existence of spiritual realities. And the contention that God is just as real as Uncle Sam or one's Alma Mater is surely for most men but the swan song of such a religion.

There is no attempt to avoid this position by adopting the view that religion is a method of discovery by which men slowly gain knowledge of God. Religion appears as something man-made, the product of men's reactions to the current standards of the group. Professor Ames is right in maintaining that the mystic sacrifices reflection to feeling as a method of attaining his goal. But to consider chiefly this aspect of mysticism is to tear it from its functional relation to all religion. Considered in this organic relationship to all religion, mysticism is a mood of spiritual discovery that most men have felt at one time or another. In this mood, the human soul goes beyond the forms of sense and by a vast sweep of intuition clutches at the whole rich universe. Returning from this stretching of its inmost depths it enriches and restores proportion to the scientific, the rational, the social, and the moral moods that are all inseparable in the full religious life. That mysticism should "beget a patronizing attitude toward science and reason" is no more surprising than that reason should be impatient of the grubbing, inductive method of science, and science of the arm chair impotency of reason. Such intolerance is inevitably incidental to every mood of life. It does not affect the validity of any of them.

There is a profound insight into the spiritual and moral depths of life in such a line as: "Love . . . is the matrix of life in all orders of being, in mating, in friendship, in the good will which creates and binds together all higher forms of living beings." Nevertheless, one misses any adequate sense of the desperate struggle which that principle of love, or for that matter, the other Christian principles of sacrifice and humility, have always engendered amongst all generations where their challenge has been heard. It is difficult to see how one can say that the quality of love is one of the springs of religion because it has emerged out of the social experience of men when the truth is that no great civilization has ever dared trust itself to such a principle. Can any one seriously contend that love could be projected out of the social aspiration of present-day European or American civilization?

There is always a danger in the wholesale rejection of revelation in favor of group experience. Such a view can never estimate at its true value the contribution of those spiritual geniuses who have not been molded by the aspirations of the group but who have made articulate new ideals that have often challenged its very foundations. Surely it is the very genius of religion, and its essential task, not to sanctify with its blessing the social aspirations of any generation, but to ever anew confront those aspirations with its own uncompromising ethic which, in the Christian religion, has grown out of the experience of God that has broken through into the moral experience of a great succession of such prophetic personalities.

A King's Daughter

MEMOIRS OF LEONORA CHRISTINA. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1929. $5.

Reviewed by WILLIAM D. STAPLES

LEONORA CHRISTINA was a woman of affairs in the high politics of Northern Europe during the hard times after the Thirty Years War. The King's daughter, she participated in the dynastic struggle in Denmark. The wife of a great nobleman, Corfits Ulfeldt, she fell with him in the collapse of the feudal barons before the rising absolutism. She saw her father's throne occupied by her half-brother and his scheming queen, by whose animosity she lost her honors and her power. Corfits was framed on a charge of treason and beheaded. Leonora was imprisoned.

For nearly a quarter of a century she wept, sewed, and wrote within the walls of the famous old castle at Copenhagen. There remain exquisite examples of her needlework—sometimes with her own hair as thread—and these memoirs, written in the grand manner, dedicated to her friend, her children, and an omnipotent God.

Accomplished and canny, she made fascinating copy out of her circumstances. She reflects the mind of the seventeenth century, with its curious capacity to entertain simultaneously revealed religion and objective science. She composed and translated rhapsodic religious passages, but in her secular moments made competent zoölogical observations about the rats and caterpillars in her cell. She had a talent for the tabloid recreation of personalities and adventures, and although she affected the current noble sentiments of decadent chivalry, her mind caught avidly at the arresting and vivid details of her experience.

Unfortunately, this edition is merely a reproduction (unacknowledged), almost *in toto*, of the 1872 translation with its eulogistic introduction and excessively learned annotations. In spite, however, of the recurrent intrusions of the translator's purisms the book is more than highly delectable and revealing.

JUST PUBLISHED

THE SEVEN VICES

a novel by
GUGLIELMO FERRERO

Guglielmo Ferrero was called by President Roosevelt "the greatest living historian." His *Greatness and Decline of Rome* was acclaimed throughout Europe and America. Now Signor Ferrero, one of the first of modern historians and a literary figure of international significance, has written a novel that has taken Italy by storm.

Through the lives of the characters, the author presents an unforgettable picture of Rome three decades ago—magnificent in its power and in its corruption, a mysterious Rome where ancient aristocracy, the Papacy, and powerful merchant princes struggle for their very lives. Here is an exciting story on a grand scale—and at the same time a sensational exposé of the state of mind which involved society in the capitals of all Europe and which found its logical end in the Great War.

Two Volumes, $5.00

Harcourt, Brace and Company, 383 Madison Ave., New York

Beowulf and Epic Tradition

By WILLIAM W. LAWRENCE

"Satisfies a real want. Fuller and more authoritative than the surveys in general works, less technical and controversial than the specialized monograms, the volume presents an excellent analysis to those who wish to gain a sounder knowledge of *Beowulf* so far as it may be done without an understanding of Anglo-Saxon, and to those who are just beginning a reading of the poem in that language."—*Modern Language Notes.* "That rare sort of scholarly treatise, one that is of value to the specialist and the neophyte alike. —*New York Herald Tribune.* $3.50 a copy.

HARVARD UNIVERSITY PRESS
2 RANDALL HALL
CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

International Arbitration

from Athens to Locarno

By JACKSON H. RALSTON

THE story of arbitration becomes increasingly significant to a world striving towards the goal of lasting peace. War will continue to become unpopular in direct ratio to the growth of legitimate machinery for avoiding it. This book gives the history and working principles of international arbitration, one of the chief instruments of peaceful settlement among nations.

$5.00

STANFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS

Metropolitan Museum Studies

A Semi-annual Periodical for Scholars and Connoisseurs

VOLUME I, PART TWO

Now on Sale

$7 per Volume $4 per Part

The Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York. Circular K on Request.

IF you like to have your bookseller consider you a discriminating buyer and appreciative of his best services you will find him interested to know that you read the reviews and advertisements in

The Saturday Review of LITERATURE

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

★ W. H. DAVIES ★ WARD GREENE ★ MAXIM GORKI ★ A. C. GISSING ★

★ LAURENCE HOUSMAN ★ AUGUST STRINDBERG ★ NORMAN DOUGLAS ★ EUGENE LÖHRKE ★ RADCLYFFE HALL ★ E. WESTERMARCK ★ MALCOLM COWLEY ★ HELEN GRACE CARLISLE ★

COLLECTED POEMS OF D. H. LAWRENCE

Mr. Lawrence, who has been called "England's greatest genius," has written several volumes of poetry, but this book represents the first and only complete collection of his poems. The publishers believe it to be a rare privilege to present these two volumes on their first list. This collection should be in every well-balanced library, and no lover of modern poetry should be without them.

Two volumes, boxed, $5.00

THE UNLIT LAMP

By RADCLYFFE HALL

This problem novel introduced to the English public the narrative and emotional gifts of Miss Radclyffe Hall. The theme is that of an adolescent girl torn between devotion to her neurotic mother and her attachment to an older girl, Elizabeth, her governess. In spite of the discussion aroused by certain elements in "The Well of Loneliness" which have too much obscured an appreciation of the author's talents, England has found in Miss Hall a novelist of depth and power.

Publication date, July 8th. $3.00

"Here is Greatness"

—*N. Y. Herald Tribune*

THE WAVE

By EVELYN SCOTT

"The greatest novel on the American Civil War."—*Carl Van Doren.*

"One of the most impressive novels written in twentieth century America."—*Joseph Wood Krutch.*

"Like Dante, Miss Scott has done an 'Inferno.' "—*N. Y. Times.*

"America in our time has produced no novel with a more certain claim to greatness."—*N. Y. Herald Tribune.*

" 'The Wave' is Evelyn Scott's masterpiece."—*Clarence Britten* in the *N. Y. Evening Post.*

At Bookstores, $2.50

"Three blind mice"
Olivia... Rose... Mary Elizabeth...

SEE HOW THEY RUN

By HELEN GRACE CARLISLE

"Three fair adventurers. You see them in the office of a producer, in the dressing room before the show, in a studio, in a Greenwich Village 'dump,' at a newspaper ball, in their kitchenette, in their three white cots. You creep into their minds. You peer into their souls. You share the very breath of their lives. You are a witness to their coming of age."—*N. Y. Herald Tribune.*

Third printing
$2.50

LOUIS BROMFIELD says this is "*one of the best books of any description that has come out of France in a good many years.*"

POMP AND CIRCUMSTANCE

By E. DE GRAMONT
(*ex-Duchesse de Clermont-Tonnerre*)

Few living people have had the entrée to so many kinds of society as the former Duchesse of Clermont-Tonnerre. A child of the old French aristocracy and a close connection of the Rothschild family, equally at home in Paris, Frankfort and London, she has met the most interesting representatives of the last generation of the 19th century and the first generation of this. In this book she sizes them up with an artist's eye and describes them pithily and racily. $3.00

If you would like to have your name placed on the mailing list to receive copies of our first catalogue and future announcements, please fill in below and mail to JONATHAN CAPE & HARRISON SMITH, 139 East 46th Street, New York, N. Y.

Name .....

Street .....

City .....

JONATHAN CAPE & HARRISON SMITH
139 EAST 46th STREET -:- NEW YORK, N. Y.

★ EVELYN SCOTT ★ FLOYD GIBBONS ★ D. H. LAWRENCE ★

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Letter from Germany

By Augustus de Lowis of Menar

IT is a pity that there are as yet no statistics available as to translations. Only the scattered information that finds its way into literary publications exists to show which are the volumes that pass from one language to another. Yet it would be extremely interesting to know how the cultural needs of certain of the great racial and linguistic groups manifest themselves, what are the elements they take over from others, and which are those which they in turn transmit. Such an examination would necessarily transcend the purely literary field, since there is, of course, a large demand for translations of medical, historical, theological, and philosophical works and publications of special nature.

To get a cross-section of the field of translation, I recently made an analysis of a bibliography of the books issued in Germany in 1927 which had been done into foreign tongues. My study of the translations from the German which had appeared in the United States—there were some one hundred volumes — made very apparent what it was in contemporary German literature that interested the American reader. Among the authors translated were Bruno Frank, Felix Holländer, Eduard von Keyserling, Klabund, Emil Ludwig, Thomas Mann ("The Magic Mountain"), Klaus Mann ("The Fifth Child"), Arthur Schnitzler, Karl Spitteler, Frank Thiess, Wassermann, Werfel, and Stefan Zweig, a group which may be considered as furnishing a fairly revelatory test. To this list it is a pleasure to add the new translations of "Faust" and Nietzsche's "Ecco Homo," and of the works of Storm and Heyse. In the field of scholarship and non-fiction appeared translations of the works of such authors as Driesch and Lipps in philosophy, Freud in psychoanalysis, Bischof von Keppler and Deissmann in theology, Stegemann in the contemporary "Rhine Problem," and a translation of that more or less unclassifiable book, Count Herman Keyserling's "The World in the Making."

It must be admitted that all in all American publishers and readers both value and demand balance. Intrinsically and intimately German books are being translated, works which one might suppose would be matters of indifference to foreign peoples since they are to the highest degree nationalistic and are peculiarly German both in handling and in setting. However, I believe that there is a strong affinity between the German spirit with its inclination toward the tragic and the absolute and the American temper, even though that has been essentially idealistic from the days of Bryant and Longfellow to the present. That affinity is to be found in a common struggle against materialism and machine civilization and in a belief in the dominance of spirit over reason; that is in motives which, however uncompelling they may appear to the masses, find passionate champions among the best poets in both countries.

I should like to begin my present article with discussion of a writer only recently introduced to the American public who is engaged in this combat against standardization and barren realism. Rudolf Binding, born in 1867, the son of a noted professor of law, began writing late in life. His early years were spent on sport, horses, and women. A curious illness, which he himself has described, and which deprived him of will-power and consciousness, brought about the revolution in his life. In the sunny Southland he recovered his physical health and a so-called "accident" deflected him to literary work.

Last year the collected works of Binding were issued in four volumes (Frankfurt: Rutten & Loning), which show him in the three phases of his art, as a master of a delicate prose in his tender legends, romantic short novels, and in his "Reitvorschrift für eine Geliebte"; as a master of verse forms in his poems, and a narrator and autobiographer in his volumes, "Aus dem Kriege" and "Erlebtes Leben."

Of his short novels and legends, "Opfergang," which plays in Hamburg during a cholera epidemic, and his remarkably fine "Keuschheitslegende" have perhaps already reached the rank of German classics. It is in his poems, however, that Binding's feeling for the unity of form and content is most apparent. An example from "Beweinung," a poem which brings to mind the Edda, will serve to illustrate my point:

Es weinten die Mütter,
dass starben die Söhne,
dass starben die Männer.
Einst trugen den Keim sie,
hegten die Blüte—
nun müssen sie weinen
der fallenden Frucht. . . .

The poet who was also a man of the world has, however, other notes, and a charming rhythm is not alien to his muse:

Eine schöne Frau sah ich fischen
lustvoll in den Ringen auf den Tischen
eines Juweliers.

Jung und wohlig spreizten sich die schlanken,
schlossen, dehnten, krallten sich die Pranken
eines schönen Tiers.
Und ich sah geruhig aus dem Dunkel
in das schöne Leib- und Steingefunkel,
das sich hier erhob—

Da: ein Augenblitz, der sich verirrte—
. . . . . .

His sketches of the war, in part consisting of letters home, have the powerful fascination of the unexpected and the utterly unstudied. They are exceptionally interesting, for as ordnance officer Binding saw and heard much, and set down his observations with meticulous care. He spoke out bluntly, recording mistakes as well as results. Consequently his diary has a high historic value.

When it comes to Binding's last captivating and colorful book, "Erlebtes Leben," undoubtedly the reader will share the author's point of view—that it is "as though it were no longer my life that I describe, as though the description of my life were rather the description of many lives, which unseen and unheard by one another flow along on the same course." The strength and the artistry of Binding's work, indeed, lies in the fact that in the particular and the personal he is able to descry the general and universal.

It is on quite another intellectual and geographical front that René Schickele operates in his romances, "Maria Capponi" and "Blick auf die Vogesen," the first two volumes of his trilogy, "Das Erbe am Rhein" (Munich: Wolff). Here the novelist is concerned with a problem of national and timely interest with the self-determination of Alsace, that stretch of territory between the Rhine and Vogesen, Germany and France, which stems in tradition and speech from Germany. The novelist is a native of the country and knows how to paint with nicety and exactness the ways in which sunny, dreamy Alsace differs from the more stern Germany to whose people it is nevertheless drawn by the ties of blood. He recognizes, however, and depicts likewise, the attraction of the gracious Latin way of life and the gay vivacity of the French which offset but do not prevent the Paris régime which is attempting forcibly to nationalize Alsace.

In the first volume Schickele portrays the youth of the Alsatian baron, Klaus von Breuscheim,—a youth, unencumbered, eager with love of living, intoxicated by love. The beautiful Italian, Maria Capponi, is the lodestar of his heavens, but a blond German, Doris, is his wife. He loses the latter in tragic fashion, and Maria fails him in his need. Then for the sake of his son he flies for refuge to his early home. There his parents have been waiting for him, there the property with its vineyards and fields needs him, and there his old friends have been missing him,—those friends who, after the first brief reaction of joy at the "liberation" of 1918 have been in violent opposition to the French domination of the province. After many struggles, blame for which chiefly rested on Klaus's stepbrother, since under the mask of a French patriot he was hostile to France, Klaus comes to the decision to live and die for Alsace which he envisions in a beautiful future as an Elysium "in which both the German and the French spirit will wander untramelled, each giving proof of itself to the other, and together building the new monuments of Europe."

With this novel, which is more than a novel of *locale*, which, indeed, is an important political romance, Schickele performed a true service of liberation, for even numbers of Frenchmen have echoed his sentiments. "Das Erbe am Rhein" will not soon pass from the memory of those who have the best peace of Europe at heart.

I shall now conduct the readers of the *Saturday Review* a geographical step further, up the Rhine, and over the Swiss mountains into the valley of the Ticino, which terminates in the sunshine and warmth of Lago Maggiore. That is Emil Ludwig's country of choice. This southern, Swiss-Italian valley is the background for his sprightly love story of the beautiful Valeska, the daughter of a queer, gay oddity and a learned physician. There are rivals for her hand,—Tom, a much-travelled man of the world, experienced in sport and in love, offshoot of a patrician family of Bremen, and Sylvester, the scion of a titled family of Schleswig, a dreamy and poetic youth.

The balance shifts, she favors first one man, then the other, and there is no hint as to who will win the victory, nor how, after an unusual chain of circumstances, the complications will be resolved. Ludwig's gracefully mundane verses, and his skill in the portrayal of men and scenery, are captivating. Even those who are not fond of reading poetry will swallow his draught in a single gulp.

But a short distance further south, in the region of Bergamo, Georg Hermann places the scene of his sprightly and poetic romance, "Tränen um Modesta Zamboni" (Stuttgart: Deutsche Verlagsanstalt). The author of "Jettchen Gebert" has here again in the person of the beautiful, love-inclined Italian girl, Modesta, painted a masterly portrait of a woman. The young, inexperienced German artist who aspires to her hand has surrendered entirely to her charm, but is too weak, too foolish, to give utterance to his desires. Here in the uplands of the Italian countryside a vision unrolls which many a German reader will follow with tears for the lot of their countryman.

In concluding my letter, let me make mention of a book the scene of which is laid in the United States and which revolves about a very pertinent theme. Its author, Arnold Bronnen, a prolific playwright, whose work has been produced in many German theatres, has never, I have been told, been in the United States, but he has nevertheless ventured to write a book concerned with the American movies. As to its authenticity I cannot speak, since I know neither Hollywood nor Long Island, and am therefore incapable of deciding whether Bronnen has been faithful in his portrayal of them in "Film und Leben. Barbara La Marr" (Berlin: Rowohlt). Doubtless he would claim to have been so, and he introduces into his story only well-known film magnates, managers, and actors, such as the great Doug, and has quite evidently gone to great pains to collect all available information as to the life of the "girl who was too lovely."

The tempo and the technique of this romance are new and fascinating. Naturally the screen had its influence upon Bronnen and speeded up his pen. This is evident even in the chapter headings, for they are quite obviously imitations of movie captions. But even aside from such unessentials, the compelling treatment of the romance follows the methods of the screen, while the background of personality and scene are handled with great psychological skill. One is constantly reminded of "Elmer Gantry" as the life of Barbara La Marr unfolds, though I should not, to be sure, regard her as the female counterpart of the hero of that novel. However, Bronnen no more than Sinclair Lewis, considers the treatment of his story as the most important feature of it; but he, too, concentrates interest upon the complexity and unrest of American life, the vitality that marks small as well as large affairs, the self-confidence of this country between two oceans.

A little episode which took place at the beginning of the war, and which he introduces into his tale, is illuminating:

> Zukor stood still and yawned: "The Russians are said to have invaded Hungary."
> Green shrugged his shoulders: "That's a show that will last only a week."

Well, from that week's show developed a sinister international movie, which left not even Hollywood without traces. In the country, however, in which the tides of battle swept in from every side, where literally every individual felt its impact more or less, its after-effects are particularly powerful, and many writers are still occupied with its discussion. But, as we have seen in the case of Binding, Schickele, and Arnold Zweig, whose "Case of Sergeant Grischa" I have not mentioned since the book has been so widely read in America, the day of so-called "war literature" has long since passed, and in its place has come the attempt to rise above the realistic detail of the battlefield to the level of art.

LA FEMME PARTAGÉE. By Franz Hellens. Paris: Grasset. 1929.

M. Franz Hellens has an uncanny art of preceding the vanguard of literary movements. His strange "Mélusine," written in 1917, was distinctly a forerunner of *surréalisme*. In "La Femme Partagée he treats a hoary theme in a startlingly original manner; he is here the prophet of the evolution of the ancient triangle in conformity with the growing independence of women. Lucien tells the story and his are the sentiments most minutely analyzed, but Léa dominates both him and their inseparable friend, who becomes her second lover. Her strength lies in her unalterable frankness and directness; Lucien himself proposes the triangle because he can neither endure the sight of his friend's suffering nor the thought of separation from him. Léa is always perfect mistress of herself and of the difficult situation in which she is placed. Her equanimity is slightly ruffled only once when Lucien fails in complete truthfulness about the conduct of a second lady who joins the trio and conceives a tragic passion for him. At times, especially at the beginning, we seem to be in the world of hallucination to which M. Hellens often leads us, but as the story progresses, humble details of daily routine are cunningly introduced to convince us that we are not dreaming. Lucien has underestimated the power of traditional prejudice in himself; he knows scarcely a moment of peace after the triangle is formed: rarely has *Odi et amo* been so penetratingly analyzed. The interest of the story lies in the conflict of his emotions towards his two partners. Léa's plain dealing eliminates "suggestiveness," and the theme is handled with a dignified restraint which must win praise from the most austere reader.

Foreign Notes

ANDRÉ GIDE'S new book, "L'École des Femmes" (Paris: Gallimard), is, according to reports, having an excellent reception in France. It is the history of the disillusionment of a girl who marries a man for his brilliance and distinction only to find that he is not all he seems.

The ninth volume of the "Histoire de la Nation Française" (Paris: Plon), edited by Gabriel Hanotaux, has recently appeared. It is a study, by René Pinon, of French diplomatic history from 1515 to 1928, written from an extensive knowledge and presented in a limpid style.

Lovers of historical fiction will find much to interest them in F. von Oppel-Bronikowski's "Schlüssel und Schwert" (Berlin: Grote), a biographical romance of Pope Sixtus the Fifth. The story is a richly tapestried account of the ex-grand inquisitor and great reformer, which weaves into its portrayal intrigues leading from all the courts of Europe to Rome.

F. M. Valeri's "La Corte di Lodovico il Moro" (Milan: Hoepli) is a sumptuous book containing over 750 illustrations and nearly half a hundred plates. It presents an effective picture of Sforza despots during the Lombard Renaissance, and of Milan, which then took pride of place over even London and Paris.

Paul Eipper and Hedda Walther, whose earlier book, "Tiere Sehen Dich An," has been exceedingly popular, have now collaborated in a new compilation which they call "Menschenkinder" (Reimer). The latter, like the former, is essentially a picture book, but in place of studies of animals it contains studies of children from Europe, Africa, India, and China.

The first volume of the projected "Enciclopedia Italiana," covering the articles from A to Aia, has recently made its appearance, handsomely bound and printed on excellent paper. It contains about 1200 articles by 500 contributors, forty of them foreign, with 1600 illustrations. It is planned to publish a volume every three months, so as to have the complete work out by 1937.

The fourth volume of Ugo Ujetti's "Cose Viste" (Milan: Treves) proves again how admirable a talent is its author's. The book is a collection of sketches ranging a wide field, shot through with sympathy and understanding, enriched by a generous culture, and rendered vivid by an eye quick for the picturesque and the interesting. Mr. Ujetti's writing is journalism lifted by force of a fine insight and feeling into literature.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received. Many of them will be reviewed later.

Art

MINIATURES AND SILHOUETTES. By MAX VON BOEHN. Translated by E. K. WALKER. Dutton. 1928. $5.

This well illustrated volume is an English edition of the writer's "Miniaturen und Silhouetten," which appeared in Munich about a dozen years ago. An excellent introductory chapter devoted to technique is followed by a short discussion, from a thoroughly German point of view, of the English, French, and German schools. About half of the book is devoted to "the miniature and its application," to its use in jewelry, fans, china, furniture, and even to an account of the preposterous use of miniatures as a means of interior decoration. The styles of various artists are set down dispassionately, in some detail, though the text is burdened with a good deal of irrelevant, though interesting, curt, tittle-tattle about the various distinguished sitters. Too little attention has been paid to connecting the art to the trend of the great schools of painting. The English reader will perhaps resent the amount of space devoted to the French and German schools compared with his own—an art so eminently English—and the American reader will be disappointed to find no mention of a Trumbull, a Sully, a Malbone, or a Trott. In the short chapter devoted to the silhouette, again, there is no mention of an American master of this trivial and often delightful art. The omission of the location of collections of most of the miniatures illustrated, of a list or even an indication of the public and private collections, and of a short bibliography are all serious, as is that of an account of modern work in this charming and intimate field.

Education

LA POUDRE AUX YEUX. By *Eugène Labiche* and *Edward Martin*. Edited by *Alice Cordon*. Century. 88 cents.

PAILLERON'S PETITE PLUIE. Edited by *Charles Cameron Clarke*. Century. $1.

ABBOTT ACADEMY SKETCHES. By *Katherine R. Kelsey*. Houghton Mifflin. $2.

THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY. Edited by *Joseph P. Blickensdorfer*. Scribners. $1.

SCIENTIFIC METHOD. By *Truman L. Kelley*. Ohio State University Press.

THE RENAISSANCE. Edited by *Robert W. Bolwell*. Scribners. $1.

PLANE GEOMETRY. By *Charles Solomon* and *Herman H. Wright*. Scribners. $1.40.

THE BEGINNINGS TO 1500. Edited by *James Dow McCallum*. Scribners. $1.

ANCIENT AND MEDIEVAL HISTORY. By *Carlton J. H. Hayes* and *Parker Thomas Moon*. Macmillan. $2.60.

HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES. By *Charles A. Beard* and *Mary R. Beard*. Macmillan. $1.96.

WHAT MEN FROM EUROPE BROUGHT TO AMERICA. By *Marion G. Clark* and *Wilbur Fisk Gordy*. Scribners. $1.

FRESHMAN COMPOSITION. By *Henry Burrows Lathrop*. Century. $2.

GENERAL METHOD: Foundation and Application. By *John P. Wynne*. Century. $2.50.

WHOLESOME PARENTHOOD. By *Ernest R.* and *Gladys H. Groves*. Houghton Mifflin. $2.

SHORT STORY TECHNIQUE. By *Stewart Beach*. Houghton Mifflin.

THE MIDDLE AGES. By *Edward Maslin Hulme*. Holt. $5.50.

AN APPROACH TO COMPOSITION THROUGH PSYCHOLOGY. By *Phyllis Robbins*. Harvard University Press.

Fiction

THE PEEP SHOW. By ALICE DUDENEY. Putnams. 1929. $2.50.

Alice Dudeney has tried an experiment in "The Peep Show" and out of this experiment has come an extremely interesting, if somewhat uneven, novel. She has given us first a woman of forty,—a woman of strange, fresh beauty and fascination (reminiscent of the woman whom "Elizabeth" has so wittingly illumined from "The German Garden" to "Expiation"); and has then slowly, unfalteringly, uncovered the personality of this woman to its tense, directing child-core.

We are used to the stream of consciousness novel, we are used to the novel that cuts back to youth for adult explanation, but this is perhaps the first novel that has actually worked backward, clue by clue, from the present to the past. It is only in the first part, before the retrospective quality of the book becomes established, that any uncertainty is felt. This woman, who is middle-aged yet looks all youth, who falls in love so improbably, almost Glynishly, has too little mystery to cause the necessary suspension of judgment. After we are launched on the inversion of her life, the whole thing becomes taut, urgent, and perilously real. "The Peep Show" is a mystery story where it is not a criminal but a personality that is to be apprehended. There is plot a-plenty in this novel, which is, of course, at bottom a psychological study, and the book may be a straw telling which way the divergent winds of popular taste—for mystery on the one hand and microscopic analysis of character on the other—are about to blow.

AFRICAN HARVEST. By NORA STEVENSON. Washburn. 1929. $2.50.

This is a tale of dissolution in the Transvaal. The de Beers had come from Holland to Africa two hundred years before Nora Stevenson takes up their lives. They had been a strong family with far-reaching lands, but too much holding with God's handiwork as against modern agricultural methods had eaten away the land, and marriages with the color line too lightly marked had wrought changes in the family stock. Here "African Harvest" begins, and tells the completed story of one generation, the last, of the de Beers. Jan de Beers represents a people and an attitude towards life—a people and an attitude which must always go down to defeat in a world keen for economic progress—but over and above this he stands out clear and vivid, an individual. Jan's idealism, his love of the land, his infatuation with his brother's wife, and his slow, subtle change of character make up a first novel with an epic background against which the lives of the characters show gigantic or microscopic as considered in their own times or in time.

BELINDA. By HILAIRE BELLOC. Harpers. 1929. $2.50.

Perhaps it will remind you of the serried beauty of a formal bouquet, perfect to its last papier maché convolution, or of patterned English gardens sweet-scented in the dusk, or of almost anything old-fashioned and arranged with knowing-fingered care. Which of course quite overlooks the irony in the case. But so to the last dotting of the "i"s and crossing of the "t"s, Mr. Belloc has carried his last-century mood in this romantic tale of the love and sorrow and final joy of the beautiful Belinda and the manly Horatio that there are no tags of the ironic or humorous anywhere apparent. There simply is no use writing about "Belinda," for the author has turned a lovely trick that must be witnessed at first hand. It is Mr. Belloc's bright garland at the feet of other times.

SHIPWRECK IN EUROPE. By JOSEF BARD. Harpers. 1928. $2.50.

The author of this book is a Hungarian who knows his Europe, America, and psycho-analysis well enough to make an interesting novel from just those ingredients. The novel is far from being superficial, and does not at all rely for its principal interest on the sensational element possible in a psychological study of this sort. The protagonist, an American seeking an egocure in Europe, grows through the pages into a complete picture of however incomplete a man. While the characters may not be the people one lives next door to, they have the genuine quality of life, increased rather than diminished by their eccentricities and pathological tendencies.

FIVE WOMEN ON A GALLEY. By SUZANNE NORMAND. Translated by G. S. TAYLOR. Vanguard. 1929. $2.

Arriving from France heralded as a "sensation" in Paris and purporting to be a "remorseless exposure" of free love, "Five Women on a Galley" rather places itself by this form of announcement in an unfortunate category. A problem perhaps less alluring, and perhaps more fundamental, lies behind the futility and unhappiness of the five French heroines. It is economic. They all do crave love and desire some more permanent love relationship than they succeed in achieving, but behind this, and constantly at their heels, is the question of how they shall eat and wherewithal they shall be clothed.

The five women are forced into uncongenial work and are so underpaid that they are driven into unsatisfying surroundings; it is this, rather than any free love, that accounts for their discontentment with life. They are not free to live, and they and the author both seem to confuse this with their not being free to love. They are driven to ugly calculations in regard to love as well as other things. One does not blame the men who evade marriage with such a snarl of defeated, talking, sentimental, and undetermining women.

But as fiction the book has decided merit. No one would become so hotly irritated by the five galley-slaves if they were not real. They are so real that they rouse in the reader that strong urge to good advice usually called up only by the lamentably misdirected conduct of friends. Upon whatever altars the author conceived her heroines to be sacrificed, there can be no doubt that it is human sacrifice. These ladies who eat tangerines and weep, lose their lovers and lose their jobs, refuse to remain black marks on white paper. They are exasperatingly flesh and blood.

SUMMER FRUIT. By DORNFORD YATES. Minton, Balch. 1929. $2.50.

Just what it was in young Anthony Lyveden's personality that made women hurl themselves at his head remains a mystery. When the World War ended, Major Lyveden, D.S.O., aged twenty-nine, found himself penniless. As to prospects: a provision of his late uncle's will that before enjoying the fortune and large estates he must prove his worth by achieving a knighthood is so cruel a stipulation that this being fiction and not life we feel confident it will somehow or other be abrogated. Anthony accepted the conditions with true Christian humility, and without making the slightest effort to possess himself of his heritage, resigned himself to abject poverty.

We see this romantic Desdichado with but four pounds and a Sealyham dog, Patch, that he loves better than self, stranded in a London where there are no more "legitimate" jobs to be had. What more natural than that he should seek service as a footman in the house of a vulgar profiteer? For a man of spirit one would think the choice strange, yet our author considers it a logical determination for a gentleman down on his luck, and so must we.

You cannot keep a good man down, and a good footman is always in demand. What woman could resist such a shining spirit? Certainly not Valerie French, whose aristocracy was not merely of caste; nor could her aunt, Lady Touchstone, help yielding to his footmanly charm. Mr. Yates has drawn a remarkable character in which the dogged honesty, the pathos, the chaste idealism of a Major Dobbin blend with the delicacy of feeling of a Bunthorne. It is this sensitiveness that must be blamed for all the grievous misunderstandings which kept the lovers so long in single wretchedness. While one cannot accept without serious reservations the statement on the jacket that "Anthony Lyveden and Valerie French are not the stock characters of fiction, but living, breathing, erring human beings," one must admit that the title is *ben trovato*. The tale is succulent and sweet as a ripe, ripe mango.

THE EDGE OF THE NEST. By PHILIP STEVENSON. Coward-McCann. 1929. $2.50

This is a first novel of unusual insight and firmness of touch. It is a study of three children in the agony of adolescence, that period which, like toothache, brings some of the keenest pains one can feel, and is invariably regarded as a joke by our civilized world. Mr. Stevenson writes of it with understanding and sympathy—not humorous patronage which the term usually connotes, but real fellow-feeling.

He illustrates his theme in three novelettes, whose only connection is that their leading characters are brothers and a sister. They came to the edge of the nest at different ages and from different causes, but inescapably. The oldest boy has at eight a child's love-affair, with vague premonitions of physical desire; the second boy, at fifteen, idolizes the leader of a gang of toughs and all his strength and knowledge and coarseness; the girl, in her late teens, with her head full of indigestible French novels, learns that it is true after all that (as she might have said) *on ne badine pas avec l'amour*. One by one they are all forced to a freedom from illusion and an independence of intellect.

Mr. Stevenson tells the stories well, assuming the protagonist's point of view and yet showing a comprehension of the forces involved that the child cannot have. In the first story the persistent use of the idiom and pronunciation of a child is sometimes obtrusive, but in the others the author uses

(*Continued on page* 1167)

EVERYONE IS READING

THESE THREE ENTIRELY DIFFERENT AND EQUALLY FINE NEW NOVELS

A WILD BIRD
by Maud Diver

"A love story of a noble type. Lance Desmond's lovemaking makes all that of previous books seem a little dull and tame."—*Heloise Hersey in the Boston Herald.*

"A fine study of a girl's development from headstrong rebellion to a sane and balanced acceptance of life. In none of Mrs. Diver's works are her gifts as a story-teller and an analyst of human nature more clearly revealed."—*Montreal Star.*

$2.50

A NEW TALE OF LOVE AND BOLD ADVENTURE BY
RAFAEL SABATINI

***The* ROMANTIC PRINCE**

"There is no better story-teller in our generation than Rafael Sabatini. . . . It is all done with rare craftsmanship, happy, phrasing and historical accuracy."—*Boston Herald.* "Every chapter is more interesting than the one before. The characters are real, and fairly leap into action."—*Brooklyn Times.*

$2.50

DARK HESTER
by Anne Douglas Sedgwick

"For all the exquisite beauty of its writing and the familiar pungency of its observation of people, it is a thoughtful and dramatic approach to a modern situation and a completely modern handling of it."—*The New Yorker.*

"The clever youngsters writing today may well stand abashed before the work of Anne Douglas Sedgwick."—*Phila. Inquirer.*

$2.50

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN CO.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Points of View

A Protest

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

Nearly three months have gone by since your reviewer, Constance Lindsay Skinner, took occasion to fill two columns of your *Review* to show that my book, "Frontiers and the Fur Trade," wasn't worth that much space. That, I have always thought, was the province of the editor, but seemingly both reviewer and editor disagreed with their own premise, and my worthless study was generously raised from inconsequence to importance by her unrestrained outburst. Since Miss Skinner transgressed the rights of a reviewer by taking advantage of the publisher's announcement of my connections with the Floating University (which has nothing to do with the book) and resorted to personalities, I am absolved, I believe, from blame if I say that she did a mighty poor job. I feel certain that, had I been given a chance to review my book, I could have made a much better job of pointing out its defects than did this lady who, I believe, received some degree from Yale for a thesis on this subject.

Some time ago a western "questionarist" asked me to give some fundamental principles on which I base my reviews. Had I had Miss Skinner's outburst before me, I should have answered: "Pick out a few personal objections; add a dash of flattery for well-known authorities to put yourself on the safe side; look for 'smut' and be outraged if you don't find it; allow yourself to be irritated by a different point of view and treatment; look for a hint from the publisher in the biographical note."

Miss Skinner found her cue. I am still "floating." From the waters of the Atlantic I take occasion to answer Constance Lindsay Skinner. She charges me with incompetence. I charge her with deliberate misrepresentation. Miss Skinner objects to a historian seeing the places about which he writes because then he sees only their modern aspects. I have pondered her paragraph about the depths and undertows of the stream of history, but I fail utterly to read any sense in it. When I said that history should be treated as "news" I meant that it should be written as though it were something which would interest people to-day, as current news interests them. Miss Skinner contradicts herself in her own objections when she says that "to-day's 'news' is dead in twenty-four hours." If that is so, isn't last century's news even more dead? I challenge the editor to quote my whole paragraph on this point, page 227. Miss Skinner adds the usual safe comment: "The books of history, which defy time, live not because of journalistic style, for they never have that, but because they are literature." Now what does that mean? To me it is simple academic bunk. As a matter of fact, the most vital records of any era are written, not as literature, but as current news, to wit, Pepys Diaries. The simple annals of any era are vastly more important than the bulk of pseudo-literature.

Miss Skinner, in her third paragraph, makes an implication that is tantamount to a charge of plagiarism, but which turns out to be the best compliment she had the heart to make me. I had not run across Professor Wrong's references to rivers; I had seen only the pamphlet on the fur trade by Professor Turner; I have not read Biggar's reference to the fish trade. With this confession of ignorance, I am happy indeed that these three important authorities justified my humble conclusions.

Miss Skinner distorts beyond recognition my reference to the European fur trade. It is impossible to know where to begin to answer her. I tried to show that the search for furs in Europe a thousand years ago was strikingly similar to the search for furs in America two or three hundred years ago; that the process of conquering the wilderness is always the same; and that, having exhausted their own fur supplies, Europeans in the sixteenth century turned greedily to the American forest for furs. This is not conjecture; it is fact. Miss Skinner says nothing of this, and distorts the whole by deliberately picking half sentences which no one who had not read the book could possibly understand. This misuse of her material is true throughout her review. I can't for the world of me get the drift of her objection to my reference to Eric's venture to America. I nowhere said that Eric came hither in search for furs. I merely showed that by accident he became the first fur-trader in America.

The way she handles my chapter on "Zions and Sodoms in the Wilderness" is typical of her other reviewing. She is disappointed because the title led her to expect "smut," but the chapter didn't have any in it. Now, I ask you, isn't that a serious case for the "Society for Prevention of Vice"? But what I want to know is whether any reader of this review got from her any hint that this chapter referred to Lord Selkirk's philanthropic endeavor to found a colony in America with some dispossessed Scotsmen, which was frustrated by trade rivalry; or that it deals with the triumphant traders who lived a high life in Montreal? I ask, is that fair reviewing?

Likewise, take her private resentment at my use of the word masochistic. There is not a reader who would have the faintest inkling of what I had said from her "review." The reference is to my chapter on "Fathers of the Forest," the story of the Jesuits in the wilderness. Now I challenge anyone to find an unkindly reference to these missionaries in the whole book. All I said was that some of these missionaries had themselves declared that they welcomed torture and violent death for their faith. "Father Lalemant declared that some of the missionaries 'protest that the fires of the Iroquois are one of their motives for the journey.'" I suggested that "they rejoiced in their martyrdom with masochistic satisfaction." Now I don't give a hoot whether Miss Skinner objects to this word or not; I do charge her with deliberate distortion of fact when she implies that the tenor of my chapter was derogatory to the missionaries. Your readers are entitled to the truth about a book; not to personal taste with regard to words.

Miss Skinner gives no indication of the general contents of the book. She says absolutely nothing about my chapters on the influence of the fur trade on American and European literature, the destruction of wild life on this continent, the relations of Indians to the trade, the struggles of monopolies for possession of the continent, the life of the trapper, the conflict between hunter and farmer—nothing of this is even indicated in her "review." Yet she took two columns of your space to show that the book wasn't worth it.

The book went to press without my having access to my notes, hence there is no bibliography. Had there been Miss Skinner's little brochure on the fur trade would have been mentioned.

SYDNEY GREENBIE.

Fairies' Farewell

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

In his review of D. B. Wyndham Lewis's "Straw and Other Conceits," Mr. Arthur Colton wonders what is "the charming ancient poem . . . explaining that most of the Fairies vanished at the same time (about 1539) as the Friars." I find it difficult to believe that he has not remembered (and for some good reason rejected) Bishop Corbet's famous "Fairies' Farewell" which appeared first in 1648 in his "Poetica Stromata" and has since been reprinted by most good anthologists of the period. Kipling used some of its first words as a title for one of his books.

Farewell rewards and Fairies!
Good housewives now you may say;
For now foule sluts in dairies,
Doe fare as well as they:
And though they sweep their hearths no less
Than mayds were wont to do,
Yet who of late for cleanliness
Finds sixe-pence in her shoe?

Percy reprinted the whole poem in his "Reliques" noting "the departure of the Fairies is here attributed to the abolition of Monkery." Bevan Wyndham Lewis is just the man to slip alliteratively from Fairies to Friars, though nobody knows better than he does the distinctions between the worlds of Monkery and Friary. At any rate, this, I think, is the poem he had in mind. It is a century less ancient than the occasion from which it sprang.

EDWARD DAVISON.

Arlington, Vermont.

Horace Liveright will publish in October a volume of letters by Frances Newman, edited by Hansell Baugh. Mr. Liveright asks anyone who has letters from Frances Newman that should be included in this collection to send them, or copies of them, to his publishing offices, 61 West 48th Street, New York City, as promptly as possible. Originals sent will be carefully returned.

The Wits' Weekly

Conducted by EDWARD DAVISON

Competition No. 63. A prize of fifteen dollars is offered for the best Lines (not exceeding thirty) to a Neglected Poet. Living men or women are not admissible, and the chosen poet should be named. (Entries should reach the *Saturday Review* office, 25 West 45th Street, New York City, not later than the morning of July 15.)

Competition No. 64. A prize of fifteen dollars is offered for the best lyric containing neither adjectives nor adverbs. (Entries should reach the *Saturday Review* office not later than the morning of July 29.)

Attention is called to the Rules printed below.

COMPETITION NO. 61

The prize for the most amusing satirical Jazz Song and Chorus called "The Intellectual Blues," such as might occur in a piece called "The Highbrows' Revue," has been awarded to Homer M. Parsons of San Bernardino, Calif.

THE PRIZE
"INTELLECTUAL BLUES"

I WAS one of these Œdipus wrecks,
With a yen for the opposite sex:
Those of fifty or more
Were the ones I'd adore—
Till a psychoanalytic clinic shattered
my complex
And
cured
my

CHORUS—
In—telli-hectual blu-hues!
And I don't mean maybe! (Dad da dad—or rather, pater pater.)
Now I've got younger views!
I want a calid, thermal, pachydermal,
Titian-haired and unmaternal baby,
As sweet as peach preserves,
With lots of speed and curves,
Who EATS like a HORSE, and DRINKS like a CAMEL,
And with evidence a-plenty of the fact that man's a mammal;
And then I'll ne—ver go back
To the in—telli-hectual track.
I'll trade my Einstein for a wine stein filled with escharotic liquor,
Till my watch runs fast and my pulse beats quicker
And I lo——se
My intellectual blues.

HOMER M. PARSONS.

I cannot do better than transcribe part of the prize-winner's covering letter. "There is jazz, you know, and jazz — slow-time and shake-away quickstep, barbaric blue chords and tricky syncopation till your feet can't rest. A hopeless lyric might be given an excellent jazz setting. But blues —ah, there you round up the maverick ideas for branding. Blues imply something lost and the search for a compensating pleasure; a dragging, hesitating melody which manages to keep just a little way ahead of the relentless, but unhurried chordal accompaniment. . . . Here, when a word is extended by the insertion of hyphens, each orphaned dash indicates a musical beat, a rhythmic accent. To help you in scoring the music, make allowance for some muted trombone effects after the patter line about the hot and thick-skinned redhead. The break between 'Mammal' and the succeeding line, clumsy in verse, has the precise stub-toe rhythm that is needed and that a good jazz blues musician can score effectively." These are good footnotes. Mr. Parsons's satire was not a whit better than Arjeh's, but his jazz and jargon seemed to me subtler. All the same Arjeh must be quoted in part.

Sure—I got them intee-lectual blues!
The most digressing -est and depressing -est -blues,
Wyndham Lew's'
Whose?
The most be-numingest, E E cummingest blues;
Most abiding, Graves and Riding Blues!
Everyone owns 'em, everyone groans them
Blues.
So I sing like a canary, literary, cemetery,
As I choose . . .
Them perpetual, ineffectual, inteelectual blues!

The "ests" and the "als" were marked for the attention of Ross Gorman. Ralph B. Yule ran hard for the first place with— . . . . . .

Mah sweet writer went away an' left me cold
(Writers always leaving me cold)
Sneaked away and wrote a piece that everyone read—
Money there, for everyone read!
Now Ah'm blue.
You'd be too,
If your sweet writer turned and went Popular on you.

Claudius Jones wrote the most amusing song of the week; unfortunately it was nearer to Gilbert than Jazz. I hope to print it in a later issue. Dr. Henry A. Davidson, too, reminded me more of "Patience" than anything else. His verses were excellent.

After months of inneffectual
Pursuit of intellectual
Matters for sophisticated souls
We have finally concluded
That we must have been deluded

In searching for our philosophic goals
We abandoned all romantic ways
And sought the truth in frantic ways
Until we wondered what we hunted for
And all this would be bad enough
But then to make it still more tough
It turned out to be such an awful bore.

Marshall M. Brice, John A. L. Odde, Hebe, and Elmer Ellsworthy who rhymed Freud with—

Oh, mammy, let me go low-brow
And call a bird a "boid."

all deserve praise. But Homer Parsons and Arjeh ought to collaborate on a "Highbrows' Opera" and besiege Broadway.

❧ ❧

The following sonnet could not be printed last week:

The Coolidges are gone, and all the dust,
Once raised in clouds by Cal's electric horse,
Is settling on this famous attic course
Where nothing has above eight years to must.
An attic cleaned so often I mistrust;
Can fables grow from such a harried source?
Will superstition sometime, somehow, force
A President to tremble when some gust
Of wind awakes the echo of that speed
That made a hundred millions hold their sides?
Will memories of witchcraft make him heed,
And say, "Tonight, my son, Cal Coolidge rides,"
—Or must the unsung ghost of that poor steed
Defer to ghosts the library provides.

WILLIAM E. WILLNER.

RULES

Competitors failing to comply with the following rules will be disqualified. Envelopes should be addressed to Edward Davison, *The Saturday Review of Literature,* 25 West 45th Street, New York. All MSS. must be legible—typewritten if possible—and should bear the name or pseudonym of the author. Competitors may offer more than one entry. MSS. cannot be returned. The Editor's decision is final and *The Saturday Review* reserves the right to print the whole or part of any entry.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the selection of books and questions of like nature should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, 2 Bramerton Street, Chelsea, S. W., London, England.

O. E. W., Kenyon College, Gambier, Ohio, writes: "Noting the inquiry for fiction with an Australian setting, I recall an old-fashioned novel by Henry Kingsley entitled "Geoffrey Hamlin," which might claim a place in the collection. It describes planter life in Australia, with escaped convicts in the background.

"And someone recently desired books on Avebury. It seemed to me that 'Downland Man' might have been recommended to him among the other books for it gives a theory of the civilization that produced the Avebury monuments and other works of that region.

"I was much interested in your walk over Salisbury Plain, but you said nothing about Stonehenge, which must have been your goal. Was it because you found the great stones humiliated with a barb-wire fence and a ticket office, like the elephants in a circus, with picnickers spreading their sandwiches and ale on the 'altar,' and photographing each other against the megaliths? When I took that same walk, long ago, I was alone at Stonehenge all the memorable day. And when the approach of night drove me to Amesbury, the little inn was all my own. I shall never forget the soft chimes in the church tower, the very bells that rang the hours for Guinevere—perhaps. At least I dreamed so, for my pilgrimage was to the places of the Arthurian story, and archæology would have been my enemy."

Speaking of Australian novels, "The Emigrant," by Frank J. Howard (Longmans, Greene), is a recent one that I missed; it tells what happens to an Englishman who goes to Australia, beginning in Melbourne as a dock laborer and settling at length on a farm. And speaking of that inn at Amesbury, it was not till just as I was paying my bill to leave that the proprietor told me it was the original of the Blue Dragon in "Martin Chuzzlewit."

R. G., Oskaloosa, Iowa, wants a biography of Sydney Smith. "The man," she says, "who fastened antlers to the heads of his donkeys and passed them off as deer, and who wrote 'Noodle's Oration,' intrigues my interest."

I DO believe everyone who reads an American book knows that Sydney Smith asked who ever read one. Beyond that, however, we don't know much about him. His brisk and spicy biography is in the first series of English Men of Letters published by Macmillan: "Sydney Smith," by George W. E. Russell. It has the added recommendation of being for the most part in Smith's own words.

P W. D., Barnard College, asks for a list of legal novels to supplement the one that Dean Wigmore published in 1908. The one in my own "Reader's Guide Book" (Holt), which takes up a chapter of that familiar work, was compiled quite recently; since then the best way to keep in touch is through the index of the library periodical *The Book Review Digest,* which lists such fiction under the head of "Novels of Law and Lawyers." This inquirer does not include legal lights in detective stories, and neither does my list, but the ones in S. S. Van Dine's murder cases are in a class by themselves; the legal mind enters into their actions as well as the legal phraseology. One may find it especially in "The Canary Murder Case" (Scribner). Arthur Train's "Ambition" (Scribner) is another good "legal" novel.

I thought I was to get a legal novel, probably concerned with the divorce question, when I lately received a typewritten note from Appleton: "We are sending You and I and the Law, Darling." It proved, however, to be S. Boyd Darling's admirable brief compendium of legal advice for householders, renters, business men, and other law-abiding citizens, a little book with much in it.

I. G. C., Salem, Mass., returned from a trip to the West Indies, is reading everything about this part of the world.

"THE Caribbean Cruise," by Harry A. Foster (Dodd, Mead), is a fine handbook for the use of the winter-tourist, and his new "Combing the Caribbees" (Dodd, Mead) carries his explorations into unfrequented country and keeps a reader busy on trails he had not opportunity to follow when he was on a conducted tour. There are many photographs. Mr. Foster is a man who does love to travel, and he writes in that spirit.

M. S. A., who taught high-school English in Washington, D. C., before she opened the Green Door Gift Shop, says: "Did you think to tell *L. M. G., Geneseo, N. Y.,* that 'Porto Bello Gold,' by F. Howden Smith, tells how the treasure was buried and all the rest of the story of Silver and the rest up to Treasure Island? It serves for supplementary reading along with 'Treasure Island' and is a good thing to have around for those pupils—usually a majority—who have already read that one of Stevenson's long before it is 'taken up' in class."

IF one more inside story of crime comes out in book-form, I shall let the janitor read it for me. I have been trying to assemble a list of new, realistic novels of life in the United States, to send abroad to two foreign correspondents who wish us well, and it seems as if every time I hopefully open a package of books, out comes a thug.

M. C. H. J., Toronto, Canada, has found the book about Fictitious Creatures for which someone was looking: it was, just as the man in the Victoria and Albert Museum said, "Fictitious and Symbolic Creatures in Nature and Art," by John Vineycomb, and was published by Chapman & Hall in 1906. The catch is that it has been out of print since at least 1913. This does not mean out of reach in England, however, judging from the number of entrancing second-hand-book catalogues that come to me from across the ocean.

Let us risk one quotation, but not as a precedent: I do not know the author of the stanza quoted on the title page of Aldous Huxley's "Point Counter Point," and *D. G. S., Dawson, New Mexico,* would like to have the rest of the poem from which it is taken:

Oh, wearisome conditions of humanity!
Born under one law, to another bound,
Vainly begot and yet forbidden vanity:
Created sick, commanded to be sound.
What meaneth Nature by these diverse laws—
Passion and reason, self-division's cause?

M. G. B., York, Pa., asks for travel books in which an account of Singapore and the surrounding islands may be found.

ONE volume of the comprehensive and informing series, "Carpenter's World Travels," by Frank G. Carpenter (Doubleday, Doran), is "Java and the East Indies"; these books are large and have a great many pictures, and the details of getting about and even of remaining for a longer time are carefully set down. H. M. Tomlinson's "Tide Marks" (Harper) is a famous literary record of a journey to the Moluccas and the forest of Malaya. "Into the East," by Richard Curle (Macmillan), is the result of extended travel in the Federated Malay States, and "Six Years in the Malay Jungle," by Carveth Wells (Doubleday, Doran), of a civil engineer's stay for this period, which he spent in surveying and in making observations of natural history, agriculture, and commerce; it has a list of other books on Malaya. I hoped there would be enough about Singapore in Stanley Warburton's "An Avatar in Vishnu Land" (Scribner) to put it in, for this entertaining yarn circles about that part of the world for a while, but Singapore comes in only once: this story which may be based on truth but seems to have more *Dichtung* than *Wahrheit,* is chockful of violent romance and piratical adventure.

H. A. T., Brooklyn, N. Y., needs a book or books on modern building construction with special reference to alterations, for one with some technical education, engaged in altering stores and offices for tenant occupancy.

THE authority to which I referred this commission recommends Underhill's "Standard Construction Methods"(McGraw-Hill) for its concise description of methods in general, and Kidder-Nolan's "Architect's and Builder's Handbook" (Wiley) as a miniature encyclopedia. Dingman's "Construction Job Management" (McGraw-Hill) is also to be recommended. For estimating the cost of work a number of good books are at hand: Barnes's "Estimating Building Costs" (McGraw) is a very good one. Beyond this are books for the special trades, like Croft's "Wiring for Light and Power" (McGraw-Hill) and Gray's "Plumbing Design and Installations" (D. Williams), but the first-named volumes will no doubt cover this inquirer's needs.

The New Books

Fiction

(*Continued from page 1165*)

impressionistic writing with unusual restraint and excellent effect. From the three treatments of the subjects there finally emerges the only picture of adolescence we know that escapes both levity and morbidness: Mr. Stevenson sees it as a time of suffering and intense loneliness, when kind and merciless nature, for her own purposes, sets child against parent, and brother against brother for a while, but a time to be won through as healthily as birth itself.

Juvenile

(*The Children's Bookshop will appear next week*)

Miscellaneous

THE ANGLICAN EPISCOPATE OF CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND. By *Owsley Robert Rowley.* Morehouse. $4.

A HISTORY OF THE MEDICAL DEPARTMENT OF THE UNITED STATES ARMY. By *Colonel P. M. Ashburn.* Houghton Mifflin. $5.

THE NEGRO IN GREEK AND ROMAN CIVILIZATION. By *Grace Hadley Beardsley.* Johns Hopkins Press.

DESIGN. By *F. R. Smith.* Pitman. $1 net.

CHICAGO. By *Charles Edward Merriam.* Macmillan. $3.25.

SPANISH GARDENS. By *C. M. Villiers-Stuart.* Scribners. $8.50.

LEARNING TO FLY. By *Frank A. Scoffer.* Pitman. $2.25.

THE HISTORIC DEVELOPMENT OF LOGIC. By *Federigo Enriques.* Translated by *Jerome Rosenthal.*

SCHUBERT'S SONGS. By *Richard Capell.* Dutton. $6.

BUYING ANTIQUE AND MODERN FURNITURE IN PARIS. By *Thérèse* and *Louise Bonney.* McBride.

A GUIDE TO THE RESTAURANTS OF PARIS. By *Thérèse* and *Louise Bonney.* McBride. $1.50 net.

PSYCHOLOGY AND PROFITS. By *Donald A. Laird.* Forbes.

THE FINANCING OF BUSINESS ENTERPRISES. By *Avard L. Bishop.* Harpers. $5.

THE NURSE IN PUBLIC HEALTH. By *Mary Beard.* Harpers. $3.50.

THE POLITICS OF LAURENCE STERNE. By *Lewis Perry Curtis.* Oxford University Press. $3.

THE NEUROSES. By *Israel S. Wechsler.* Saunders. $4 net.

HARTRAMPF'S VOCABULARIES. By *Gustavus A. Hartrampf.* Atlanta, Ga.: Hartrampf.

CHAMPIONSHIP BRIDGE HANDS. By *Wilbur C. Whitehead.* Stokes. $1.50.

CHIPPEWA CUSTOMS. By *Frances Densmore.* Washington: Government Printing Office.

PROGRESSIVE RELAXATION. By *Edmund Jacobson.* Chicago: University of Chicago Press. $5.00.

TEACHING HEALTH IN FARGO. By *Maud A. Brown.* New York: The Commonwealth Fund. $1.50.

Science

THE HISTORY OF BIOLOGY: A Survey. By ERIK NORDENSKIÖLD. Knopf. 1928. $6.

Evidence from numerous sources points to the ever increasing appreciation of the development of science as an inseparable part of the history of civilizations. Not only professional historians are rewriting our political annals from the standpoint of the intellectual—chiefly scientific—outlook of the period, but also professional scientists are taking a broader, if still a somewhat pragmatic, interest in the backgrounds of their speciality—"the mountains whence cometh their strength." In harmony with this modern trend there has been presented to the English reader a survey of The History of Biology founded on a course of lectures delivered a decade ago by Professor Erik Nordenskiöld at the University of Helsingfors.

The object of the author is to draw a picture of the development of biological science throughout the ages, viewed in conjunction with the general cultural development of mankind. Emphasis is placed on the theoretical principles that have guided research, both because the influence they have exerted on culture in general is so great, and because the records of these are not so readily accessible to the student. Accordingly the record and appraisal of very modern biological contributions are more summarily treated. The presentation falls, almost unavoidably, under four chief headings: biology from classical antiquity through the renaissance; during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries; during the first half of the nineteenth century; and from Darwin to our own day.

It is probably within the truth to say that the author has attained his objective. At least he and his translator, Mr. L. B. Eyre, have given the best survey—at once intensive and broad—of the development of biological science, projected against the general cultural background, that is available in the English language. It can be thoroughly recommended to advance students in biology and medicine who wish to extend their perspective beyond that afforded by the well-known brief histories. And the physician, with this volume for concurrent reading with Garrison's "History of Medicine," is especially well served.

However, for one with merely a cursory interest in biology—just a word of warning. The more than six hundred large, closely printed pages of Professor Nordenskiöld's book are rather forbidding. The paragraphs are long and the numerous illustrations, arranged in plates, seem few and far between. One wonders whether the air of aridity which to some extent permeates the book is evidence of the unavoidable vicissitude attendant upon its passage from the Swedish to the English language, or of the wisdom of Heracleitus of Ephesus: "the driest soul is the wisest."

(*Continued on next page*)

"PHILOSOPHY BAKES NO BREAD"

TO the taunt of the skeptics that "philosophy bakes no bread" a lover of wisdom replied that its function was merely to furnish "freedom, God, and immortality. . ." There was an unspoken undercurrent of this conviction when, in May 1926, *The Inner Sanctum* of SIMON AND SCHUSTER issued a faltering first edition of 1500 copies of a book called *The Story of Philosophy.* In three years more than a million American readers have felt the lure of "that dear delight"—"not harsh and crabbed, as dull fools suppose, but sweeter than Apollo's lute"—and have surveyed the wisdom of the world's great thinkers from Socrates to Santayana as chronicled in WILL DURANT's spirited pages. . .

Now these readers are again invited by WILL DURANT to his latest book, *The Mansions of Philosophy*—a book whose chapters are haunts of happiness set aside for the good life, the life animated and disciplined by that total perspective which is philosophy.

The advance sale of *The Mansions of Philosophy*—like its celebrated predecessor, it is a $5.00 book, although 125 pages longer—was 11 times greater than that of *The Story of Philosophy.* A week after publication the largest book wholesalers in America ranked it first in the best-seller list for general literature. Critical acclaim has accompanied and accelerated this mounting public demand.

Here is a survey of human life and destiny—an observatory, at once lofty and accessible, from which WILL DURANT contemplates the timeless issues of man and metaphysics as well as the current problems of our distracted civilization. Here unity is illuminated by wit, wisdom mellowed by scholarship. For all persons whose mental horizon goes beyond bread and circuses, another liberalizing adventure will be found in *The Mansions of Philosophy.*

from THE INNER SANCTUM *of*
SIMON *and* SCHUSTER
Publishers · 37 West 57th Street · *New York*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The New Books

(*Continued from preceding page*)

Travel

I DISCOVER GREECE. By HARRY A. FRANCK. Century. 1929. $4.

The title of Mr. Franck's latest volume intrigues one a little by the momentousness of its declaration. One feels that italicizing is needed somewhere to define it more explicitly. Each of the three words seems to have a claim, but perhaps the first has the greatest right to the laurels. It comes, too, as a surprise that anything, geographically, remained to be discovered by Mr. Franck. Of all countries, Greece strikes one as the least likely to have been overlooked by Mr. Franck's eager, all-registering eye. Mr. Franck realizes himself the inappropriateness of its long omission from his itineraries. It would never have occurred, he tells us, except for an agreement, made twenty years ago, between himself and an artist friend to visit it together. The project went aglee—"and the years rolled by," as they have the habit of doing. But Mr. Franck always sees the cheerier side of things. Greece and her nursling isles are now, he declares, much worthier of visiting than when the long postponed plan was in its first blush. That bigger-and-better Hellas has, it is almost needless to state, been fully covered by Mr. Franck in his volume. It is characteristic of the writer's art that, in the sphere of the factual at least, it leaves nothing for anyone else to say about a place. A travel book by Mr. Franck, in other words, has the thoroughness of a passage of locusts. Like Keats's affirmation about Beauty and Truth, it is all information-seekers "need to know." It is one of the shortcomings of the works that the encyclopedic knowledge they dispense is not indexed, so it may be got at expeditiously. The books are not for *in toto* rereading, for all their anecdotal seasoning and stimulating spiritedness of style; but they are worth preserving. Anyone who has recently visited Greece and given it the same amount of detached observation the writer has must endorse the accuracy of Mr. Franck's statements, agree with him as to the steady upward trend in intelligent republicanism and bettered social conditions found there. "I Discover Greece" is, however, too reportorially inspired, too wanting in scholarly sympathies for the country's past, to make its perusal pleasing to those drawn to Greece, not by its modernities, but for what memories it still holds of the golden days when burning Sappho loved and sung. The book would have profited by an index.

COMBING THE CARIBBEES. By HARRY L. FOSTER. Dodd, Mead. 1929. $3.

Mr. Foster was writing a guide-book for West Indian tourists, and as he couldn't put everything he had seen in his "The Caribbean Cruise," he thriftily combs the rest into another volume.

Beginning with Guadeloupe, he swings round through Dominica, Martinique, the Barbadoes, Trinidad, the Venezuelan coast towns, Curaçao, to Haiti, and back by way of Santo Domingo and Porto Rico. He sees all the usual things and gossips about them in a sensible and unpretentious if undistinguished way. It is, in short, the regulation "travel book"—that curious genus, which neither adds importantly to one's general notion of the facts nor makes the facts into something worth while for its own sake by passing them through an interesting temperament. But people read such things, and none so cheerfully as those who have just visited or are going to visit the same scenes themselves, and that, presumably, is their reason for being. There are plenty of photographs, and every now and then Mr. Foster quotes some passing "native" phrase, and when he does that he is better than usual. "I beg you for one penny, sah! I asking you t'row a penny. . . . I say, baas! Hi, you, baas! You going shoreward, sah?" There's a real echo of the Caribbean in some of these cries, which "takes one back."

THE CRUISE OF THE *KRONPRINZ WILHELM*. By COUNT ALFRED VON NIEZYCHOWSKI. Doubleday, Doran. 1929. $2.50.

Admiral McLean, who was commandant at the Norfolk Navy Yard that day in April, 1915, when the German raider *Kronprinz Wilhelm* slipped through the cordon of British cruisers off the Virginia Capes and interned in what was then a neutral port, expresses his conviction that this narrative

> will help remove from the German naval men the stigma of "pirates" with which some of us, in the heat of war, were inclined to brand them. It shows that Germany, in war, had the same sense of chivalry on which we prided ourselves, and which distinguishes civilized warfare from the fighting of barbarians.

It contains, moreover, an invaluable illustration of the naval value of armed merchantmen as commerce raiders and auxiliary cruisers. As Count Niezychowski, who served aboard the *Kronprinz Wilhelm* during her marauding in the North and South Atlantic, sums it up:

> The Kronprinz Wilhelm had been a legitimate terror to her enemies and a source of military benefit to her nation. For 251 days she had cruised about, exposed to every inclemency of weather and war, without putting into any harbor. In that time she had stopped twenty-six vessels, fourteen of which, aggregating 58,201 tons, had been sunk. She had covered a distance of more than 37,000 miles—more than one and a half times the circumference of the globe.

For all that, this narrative is rather devoid of "thrills" or interest. On August 3, 1914, the *Kronprinz Wilhelm* left Hoboken for a rendezvous with the cruiser *Karlsruhe* on August 6. She was put under command of Lieutenant Commander Thierfelder, shipped two guns and ammunition, and set out on her course of destruction. She stopped and sank quite a few ships, avoiding loss of life and attending to the safety of their passengers. She had a dozen Allied cruisers looking for her, was "sunk" several times, and eventually was forced by the outbreak of beriberi among the crew—due to lack of fresh vegetables—to seek refuge in a neutral port, arriving at Norfolk with only twenty-five tons of coal in her bunkers. With considerable foresight, the author acquired all the available films on board the big liner at the outset, and his book contains some of the numerous photographs he took of sinking prizes, etc. Beyond that, except as evidence of German compliance with chivalry and the rules of war, his book is of no great popular appeal, no matter how great its significance to naval men.

A WAYFARER IN THE PYRENEES. By E. I. ROBSON. Houghton Mifflin. 1929. $3.

Readers of Mr. Robson's earlier works on France cannot afford to ignore this latest contribution to the literature on the Pyrenees, for in it the author gives of his best—as sound a meat as one may well demand. Having, as he says, "suffered somewhat from the rhapsodies of certain descriptive guides," he is inclined to lean almost too far in the opposite direction in assuming a severity of style, though through it at times, perhaps despite himself, breaks a delightful sense of humor. He is also almost ruthless in his persistence in giving only such information as the man on the spot may require, and to the stay-at-home, reading travel books for the pleasure of getting *wanderlust* sensations second-hand, he may, accordingly, prove a disappointment. Discursive qualities, the little anecdotes that makes so much for charm in reading books of this nature, are swept away, banished to furthest limits, to make room for the grim efficiency of solid facts. That Mr. Robson's information is anything but the soundest the reader need have no misgiving. The explorer who intends to blaze trails in the lesser known regions of the Pyrenees without a copy of the book in his pocket will be utterly lost or at the least robbed of the best compass he could have.

SEIDEL OVER TO HOBOKEN
New York's Last Seacoast of Bohemia

AFTER DARK, or Neither Maid, Wife, Nor Widow
OLD RIALTO, 118 *Hudson St., Phone Hoboken* 8088
Every Evening, Including Sundays, 8.30. Mats. Wednesday and Saturday

Prices, 75c to $2.00. Reservations by Telephone
HOBOKEN: Where Your Ship Comes In.
CHRISTOPHER MORLEY — CLEON THROCKMORTON

The Compleat Collector.

RARE BOOKS · FIRST EDITIONS · FINE TYPOGRAPHY

Conducted by Carl Purington Rollins and Gilbert M. Troxell

"Now cheaply bought for thrice their weight in gold."

Bookplates and Marks

THE Bookplates and Marks of Rockwell Kent, with a preface by the artist," is published this month by Random House in an edition printed by the Pynson Printers.

It is diffcult, in considering the graphic art of Rockwell Kent, not to go into ecstacy. Two, possibly three, other men in America have his supreme gift of incisive delineation, but it is an unusual gift. It is almost metallic in its sharpness, yet no metal can show in itself the crispness of black ink on paper. The best type displays this crispness, but not often is there a designer who so nearly approaches the final sophistication of design as does Mr. Kent. Technical sophistication is admirable, but when united to virility in design it is something to marvel at, and in these bookplates we have the two elements of successful drawing for reproduction united in work which is as distinguished as anything America has to show. Of course the plates shown here are not all uniform in merit: much as it pains me to say it, I do not think the Elizabethan Club plate is of the best—the effort to reproduce the effect of the seal makes for a "mealiness" which is not in his best manner. Of the other sort, the Frances and Rockwell Kent plate is just about as charming as one could possibly wish in a symbolic design.

Symbolism plays no small part in these plates—symbolism and simplicity. Pictorial designs on bookplates, or nice sugary symbolism, are akin to that easy writing which is damned hard reading. There is no sugariness in Mr. Kent's work, and neither is there that sentimental amateurishness which makes so much American pictorial work so banal. I find myself fingering the pages of the book constantly because of its charm as a picture book: first I find such toying with letters as in the Barbara Kent plate: then the remarkable plate for the College of Preachers—as fine and suitable a plate as could be conceived: and the black rocks and the blacker sea, as in the Denby plate: and the astonishingly symbolic treatment of the elongated nudes, as in the Author's League plate. It is a delectable garden of designs wherein there is nothing timid, nothing immature, nothing crude, nothing lavish except imagination and competent drawing.

The Pynson Printers have done well with the insides of the book (the binding is not so happy). A thin soft Japan paper has been used, and the inking and presswork strike me as above reproach. What type there is is mainly a peculiarly sharp, crisp face which is among the treasures of our type repository, and probably the loveliest face ever cut in this country. There are several additional designs by Mr. Kent on title-page, colophon, etc. Twelve hundred copies have been printed, and the book sells for $10—and if you want to see the best of American designing, I advise the purchase of the book before it is too late.

A COLLECTION of twenty-two printers' marks and seals designed or redrawn by William A. Dwiggins has been issued as a slim quarto by W. E. Rudge. The relative smallness of the designs, and the practical uses to which they were intended, might well obscure the fine workmanship shown in the designs. It is almost axiomatic with us in the printing-office with which I am affiliated, that no seal or device will be properly drawn for the best results in printing, or, if it happens to be well-drawn, a battered electrotype will probably be furnished! It is usually necessary, therefore, to have such insignia redrawn by a competent draftsman: and there is none more competent than Mr. Dwiggins. It is a distinct pleasure to have been instrumental in having new and beautiful redrawings of the seals of Yale University, Yale University Press, Columbia University Press, the State of Connecticut, etc., which are shown in this book. One of the most successful of Mr. Dwiggins's redrawings is that for Rutgers University, principally perhaps because the elements of the seal are not messy in themselves.

The marks designed by Mr. Dwiggins are entertaining examples of a lithe quality of drawing which is particularly his own, and they show a variety in manner which is characteristic. R.

OF a much more conventional sort are the bookplates included in "Bookplates by Harold Nelson, arranged and edited by Clarence P. Hornung." Mr. Nelson is an Englishman, and his work is full of that competence in design which is characteristic of many British draftsmen. It is pleasant, friendly, familiar. Figures and buildings and borders are all well handled, and show a mastery of drawing. What they all look like is—bookplates. The best work seems to me to be such plates as that for Elizabeth Radcliffe, where Mr. Nelson's skill in architectural drawing is apparent, and the really very fine plate for the Master's Library in the Royal Courts of Justice, where imagination is jointed to fine drawing and composition. In too many of them there is rather too much of that sweetness which tends to cloy.

The book is printed by the Caxton Press, New York, in an edition of 525 copies, signed by Mr. Hornung. R.

Books on Colored Paper

IT is surprising that tradition — and usually bad tradition—has kept so tight a hold on the color of paper used in books. White, with occasional lapses into cream, has been the standard for many years. With the modern range of colors, infinitely greater than ever were available before, there has come a tendency to make use of colored papers in books. Some years ago I tried a dark brown, Italian hand-made paper in a small book, and while I was allowed to use it, there was much shaking of heads—and it meets either with violent approval or equally violent dislike when I show it now! Mr. Rogers used a colored paper very successfully in the "Wedgewood Medallion of Samuel Johnson"—though whether it is blue or green depends on your eye. One or two French printers have made use of very pronounced colors in paper for small books for some time; but on the whole the use of colored paper has been shunned by book printers.

A recent successful use of colored paper—in this case a light green—is in "Molinoff, or, the Count in the Kitchen," by Maurice Bedell, published by the Viking Press. The result seems to me quite happy. The book is somewhat fantastic, and the open, well-set pages are very easy to read, and rather more attractive than otherwise by reason of the color in the paper.

The innovation would seem to be worth consideration by publishers, always with the understanding that on the whole, and for most books, white or cream is standard.

Another example of the pleasing use of colored paper is "Pastorals, with a Discourse on Pastoral Poetry," by Pope, printed by Richard W. Ellis at the Georgian Press, of which 235 copies have been issued. Here a brownish-gray paper has been used, making a soft and sympathetic background for the type. The book is set in Baskerville type, in a suggestion of the eighteenth century manner. It is interesting to see how homey and readable the eighteenth century types of Baskerville and Caslon are, and how mellow the books printed in them. The paper of this edition of the "Pastorals" contributes also to the effect of mellowness.

Still another book printed on colored paper is "Old Mrs. Chundle," by Thomas Hardy, printed by D. B. Updike for Crosby Gaige. At least part of the edition is so printed, though I have not seen a copy on the gray French Ingres paper. The bulk of the edition—742 copies—has been printed on Dutch hand-made, and is a good specimen of Merrymount Press work. It is set in Janson type of large size. The tale is short, the book slight, but beautifully printed, and bound in ornamented paper sides and black cloth back. The tale itself was written between 1880 and 1890, and according to the note in the colophon, was probably intended to be included in "Life's

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Little Ironies" or "Wessex Tales." It becomes a Hardy item and well worth having. R.

Dr. J. and Mr. H.

THERE is usually, if you can only find it, a best edition of almost every classic. Now the "Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" is a classic, and here comes the best edition of the story that I have seen —issued by Random House, and printed by the Pynson Printers, but obviously the work of William A. Dwiggins from cover to cover, or rather from slip case to colophon. No more felicitous choice could have been made than to put the book in the hands of that famous duo, Mr. Dwiggins and Dr. Puterschein! Though I would not suggest that the quiet, genial old doctor, furtively haunting the purlieus of Ipswich Street and the Boston Art Club, and the imperturbable Mr. Dwiggins, resemble even in antithesis, the equally famous characters of Stevenson's tale: what perhaps suggests the comparison, quiet apart from the shadowy existence of one member of the firm, is the astonishing variety in the public appearances of Mr. Dwiggins as a designer. Just as you think you have him ticketed and placed, you find he has eluded you, and he reappears in different guise.

Mr. Dwiggins's stencil manipulation is now familiar to those who keep informed about American designers: his illustrations for a recent "Complete Angler" were done entirely in a stippled line which resulted in very charming drawings for a charming book: the pictures for this gruesome tale are not gruesome at all, but by use of short, straight, parallel lines, with few or no boundary lines (save a suggestive, thin, red border) he has achieved a shadowy quality in all of his illustrations which is highly successful: which, indeed, makes his pictures not only harmonize with the type, but really illustrate the text.

Nor is this all of the innovation. For the first time so far as I recall, a delicate and whimsical use has been made of colored papers to carry some of the illustrations. That is, instead of printing all of the pictures on either the same paper as the text, or on a different paper, various colored sheets have been used to help the effect of different illustrations. The result might be bizarre—but owing to Mr. Dwiggins's skill, it isn't. The book is a short one of some 160 pages of good sized type, and it possesses all the verve of some of the best of advertising printing. This seems to me a very great merit, for there is a vast amount of creative work going into advertising printing which has so far had little effect on book printing—or if it has had any effect it has been bad. But Dwiggins's "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" has all the sparkle of a travel or a perfume booklet, with the necessary restraint of a book. This is genius. Further, it points a way out of the present jungle of "modernistic" printing: if anyone is likely to fuse modernism and traditional book printing into a comely product, I think it is Mr. Dwiggins.

Twelve hundred copies have been printed, for sale at $10, including the artist's signature and a facsimile sheet of the author's manuscript. An example of the work is to be seen in the illustration on an earlier page of this issue of *The Saturday Review.*

JAMES F. DRAKE, Inc.
Rare Books :: First Editions
Autographs
CATALOGUES ISSUED
14 West 40th Street, New York

Counter Attractions

NEW & OLD BOOKS :: COLLECTORS' ITEMS :: STAMPS & PRINTS :: LITERARY SERVICES

ART

PENCIL PICTURES by the late William Savery Bucklin. An ideal gift for any occasion. Address Bucklin Studio, Phalanx, N. J.

AUTOGRAPHS

COLLECTORS OF AUTOGRAPHS, rare books, modern first editions, etc., should write to The Autograph Agency, 31 and 33 High Holborn, London, England, for catalogues which will be sent free on request. With each catalogue will be sent particulars of The Young Collectors Club, a newly formed organization to help young collectors who have not yet left school or college.

BARGAIN OFFERS

DAUBER & PINE BOOKSHOPS' SEMI-Annual 20% Cash Discount Sale on their entire large and choice stock of new, old and rare books, offers collectors, librarians and booklovers in general the finest opportunity to pick up desirable books at bargain prices. All new books advertised in this magazine at 20% discount, plus postage, if remittance accompanies order. Visit our attractive shop or write for free catalogues. Following few items, picked at random, have the discount already deducted on orders accompanied by remittance, carriage extra. Money refunded if not satisfied. Frazer's Golden Bough, twelve volumes, $38.00; Culture of Ancient Greece and Rome, 140 illustrations, $3.20; Old Sea Paintings, fifteen color plates and ninety-five halftone full-page plates, limited edition, $6.00; Aristophanes, Literal and Complete Translation, illustrated by Bosschere, limited edition, $20.00; Indian Stories by Bain, limited edition, beautifully printed by the Riccardi Press, thirteen volumes, $30.80; Peck, Life and Work of Shelley, illustrated, two big volumes, $4.00. Thousands of other bargains. Dauber & Pine Bookshops, Inc., 66 Fifth Avenue, at 12th Street, New York. Open until 10 P. M. Visit our Annex (round the corner, 8 West 13th Street, open until 6 P. M.). Thousands of good books from 10 cents to $1.00.

20% DISCOUNT SALE. SCHULTE'S Thirtieth Semi-Annual Cash Discount Sale. During July we offer without reservation our entire stock, over 500,000 books, at special discount of 20%. All books in perfect condition. Following bargains listed with 20% discount already deducted. These prices only when remittance accompanies order. Voltaire's Princess of Babylon, Nonesuch Press, $8.00; George Herbert's The Temple, Nonesuch Press, $12.00; Congreve's Way of the World, unexpurgated text, Haymarket Press, $7.20; O. Henry's Letters to Lithopolis, limited 427 copies, $4.00; McNeill's Cabellian Harmonics, introduction by Cabell, limited edition, $3.20; George Moore's Coming of Gabrielle, limited 895 copies, $2.80; Sherwood Anderson's New Testament, first edition $2.40; McMurtrie's Golden Book (story of printing), limited edition, $4.80; Wyse's Modern Type Display and Ornament, $2.00; Christopher Morley's Powder of Sympathy, first edition, $1.20; Morley's Religio Journalistici, first adition, 80 cents. Catalogues free. Schulte's Bookstore, 80 Fourth Avenue, New York.

TEN THOUSAND BOOKS AT HALF price. Through July and August we will sell about 10,000 good books at half price. Big list ready. Congressional Bookshop, Washington.

NEW CATALOGUE OF special bargains now ready. Wyman C. Hill, 9 Haynes Court, Leominster, Mass.

UNEXPURGATED TRANSLATIONS at drastic reductions. Decameron; Rabelais; Droll Stories; Satyricon of Petronius, etc. Renaissance Book Co. (Room 3), 131 West 23rd Street, New York.

BACK NUMBERS

BACK NUMBERS OF ALL magazines. Magazine excerpts. List free. Salisbury, 78 East 10th St., New York.

BACK NUMBERS OF MAGAZINES AT Abrahams' Bookstore, 145 Fourth Avenue, New York.

BOOKBINDING

EXPERT HAND BOOKBINDING AND Casemaking for First Editions or Autographs, Exclusive Best Imported Materials. Restoration and all forms of Scientific Book Reclamation. Period Modernist and Conventional Designs. Prices on request. Bennett Book Studios, Inc., 240 West 23rd St., New York City.

BOOK PLATES

COPPER PLATE STYLE $4 TO $5 PER hundred. Send 10c for samples. Frank E. Bittner, 251 High Street, Nutley, N. J.

BOOKS BOUGHT

WE WILL BUY YOUR BOOKS. WE especially want modern books on Art—Literature—Philosophy. We are prepared to buy entire libraries or miscellaneous books in any quantity, and pay cash. Call, phone or write us at our new store, 265 Flatbush Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y. Tel. Nevins 6920. Niel Morrow Ladd Book Co., 25 Years of Book Buying Experience.

BOOKS WANTED

WANTED: HYMN BOOKS of the type used in revivals and camp meetings before 1850. Guy B. Johnson, Box 652, Chapel Hill, North Carolina.

FIRST EDITIONS

THE WALDEN BOOK SHOP, 410 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, has recently issued a catalogue of modern first editions and private press books. This catalogue and quotations on any items specially desired will be sent on request.

MODERN FIRST EDITIONS. We carry a representative stock, including Cabell, Conrad, Hardy, Hearn, Robinson. Grolier Book Shop, 6 Plympton Street, Cambridge, Massachusetts.

FIRST EDITIONS AND AUTOGRAPH material of modern authors. Advise us of your particular interests and we will send specially prepared lists of quotations. Catalogues issued. Phoenix Book Shop, Inc., 41 East 49th Street, New York.

SEND FOR OUR CATALOGUE OF modern First Editions, Old and Rare Private Press Books. Ready shortly. The Holliday Bookshop, 49 East 49th Street, New York.

FOREIGN BOOKS

FRENCH, GERMAN, ITALIAN, Spanish books and periodicals. Catalogues. Books for the study of all languages. Our experience of over seventy years will serve you. Schoenhof's, 387 Washington, Boston, Mass.

VISIT THE FRENCH BOOKMAN, 202 W. 96th Street (near Broadway). "Headquarters for French Books and Magazines." Low prices. Catalogue 5 cents (stamps).

GENERAL

WELL OF LONELINESS $5; Furman Isles of Khaledan, Autographed $1.50; First Editions, Americana, Books Bought. Furman, 363 W. 51st Street, New York.

ODD CURIOS, unusual and extraordinary Books and Autographs. Write for catalogue. State your own interests. Union Square Book Shop, 30 East 14th Street, New York.

O'MALLEY BOOKSTORE, 329 Columbus Ave. (75th St.). Large stock of good books on many subjects. Prices reasonable, expert service. Open evenings.

LETTERS

GELBER, LILIENTHAL, INC., 336 Sutter St., San Francisco, offer an interesting collection of Norman Douglas letters. Details on these and other rare items gladly given.

LITERARY SERVICES

ROBERT CORTES HOLLIDAY SCHOOL of Writing. *The Saturday Review:* "Needless to say, we can recommend Mr. Holliday most heartily to any aspiring writer who really wishes to look the facts in the face." *Theodore Maynard:* "The thing I like about the whole scheme is its eminent practicability." *Englewood Cliffs,* New Jersey.

MANUSCRIPTS ANALYZED, criticized, revised, prepared for publication, marketed. Book manuscripts a specialty. Twenty-five years' experience as writer, editor, publisher. Thirty helpful text-books. Catalogue. James Knapp Reeve, Box A, Franklin, Ohio.

SHORT STORIES, NOVELS, SERIALS, Stage Plays criticized, revised and marketed. Details on request. Clarke Wilton, Box 702, Hollywood, Calif.

STORY IDEAS WANTED for photoplays, magazines. Big demand. Accepted any form for revision, development, copyright and submission to markets. Established 1917. Free booklet gives full particulars. Universal Scenario Company, 411 Western and Santa Monica Bldg., Hollywood, Calif.

MATHILDE WEIL, LITERARY advisor. Books, short stories, articles and verse criticized and marketed. Special department for plays and motion pictures. The Writers Workshop, Inc., 135 East Fifty-eighth Street, New York.

LITERARY SERVICES

YOUR MANUSCRIPTS SHOULD BE sold? This office sells plays, novels, short stories, published books or produced plays for motion pictures. International connections. Publications planned. Editor, literary adviser. Grace Aird, Inc., 551 Fifth Ave., New York City.

MANUSCRIPTS constructively criticized; revised; edited; typed. Market service. The Literary Studio, Box 53, The Saturday Review.

MANUSCRIPT TYPING

TYPING MANUSCRIPTS—EXPERTLY, intelligently done. Pauline Resnikoff, 1400 Broadway (38th Street), New York. Wisconsin 1777.

EXPERT MSS. TYPING—Perfection at detail. Personal service; no assistants. 50-75c per 1,000 words. E. S. Pratt, 1531 Edith St., Berkeley, Calif.

NOVELS — STORIES — PLAYS. Experienced Literary Secretary. Margery Bean, 854 South Harvard, Los Angeles, California.

NEW YORKIANA

BOOKS AND PRINTS on the quaint and strange manners, customs and frivolities of our ancestors in New York State and City. Catalogue inquiries not solicited, but private correspondence graciously welcome. Arthur Carlson, New Yorkiana Specialist, 503 Fifth Avenue, New York.

OUT OF PRINT

OUT OF PRINT Books promptly supplied. National Bibliophile Service, 347 Fifth Avenue, New York.

PRIVATE PRESSES

PRIVATE PRESS BOOKS—A catalog of the publications of the English, Continental and American presses for which we are American distributors will be sent upon request. WALTER V. McKEE, Inc., 56 W. 45th Street, New York.

RARE BOOKS

CATALOGUE OF 100 RARE and Interesting Books just issued. Contains many excessively scarce items. GELBER, LILIENTHAL, INC., 336 Sutter Street, San Francisco, California.

FRANK HOLLINGS BOOKSHOP. One of the best collections of rare items for collectors and connoisseurs. Do not fail to call when in Europe. Catalogues free. Great Turnstile, High Holborn, London.

TYPOGRAPHY

10% OFF, LIMITED TIME. BOOKS OF typographical interest. List. A. Leland Ziglatzki, 168 Wethersfield Avenue, Hartford, Connecticut.

SCHEDULES OF RATES

ADVERTISING RATES for this classified page are as follows: For twenty consecutive insertions of any copy, minimum twelve words, 7 cents a word; for any less number of insertions, 10 cents a word. The forms close on Friday morning eight days before publication date. Address Department GH, The Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York, or telephone BRYant 0896.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

from THE INNER SANCTUM *of*
SIMON *and* SCHUSTER
Publishers . 37 West 57th Street . *New York*

This week The Inner Sanctum has a lot to say and can therefore say it quickly. . . .

Three books from Thirty Seven West 57th Street made the grade in the thousand-copy-a-week club

The Art of Thinking
The Mansions of Philosophy
Believe It Or Not!

Ripley's extravaganza made it with a margin of twenty-eight copies, ABBE DIMNET'S with thirty-three, and WILL DURANT'S with 242 to spare. Not far behind were *The Cradle of the Deep* with a weekly total of 722 copies, and *Wolf Solent*, with 697.

The bridge players of America are going around in a state of almost incoherent delight, for the long-awaited, oft-postponed magnum opus of the world's champion grand-slam virtuoso, Sidney S. Lenz, has at last made its appearance. It is called *How's Your Bridge*, and the Old Master concocted it with the aid of Robert G. Rendel, a bridge-prophet not without honors in his own country.

This new handbook, which covers both auction and contract, actually gives the reader an opportunity to test his bidding and playing against SIDNEY S. LENZ. In the immortal words of IRVIN COBB, SIDNEY S. LENZ has so many international trophies, medals and pins that he makes JOHN PHILIP SOUSA look absolutely nude. Frantic devotees who are always looking for a fourth are advised to stampede their book-sellers.

FRANZ WERFEL'S new novel *Class Reunion* is beginning to show real life. Since its publication on June 17th the sales-chart looks like this:

First Week..... 40 copies
Second Week..... 99 copies
Third week.....276 copies

Catalogues for the Fall, manuscripts for next Spring, best-sellers for the years, and dress-rehearsals for ZIEGFELD'S production of *Show Girl* . . . these are a few of the reasons why the heat wave scarcely made a dent on

—ESSANDESS.

If you enjoyed
"When We Were Very Young"

ASK your bookseller to show you

"SHORT POEMS FOR SHORT PEOPLE"

By ALICIA ASPINWALL

Illustrated by Fanny Y. Cory, famous for her "SONNY SAYIN'S"

JUST published. We are all excited about it. Just glance through it. While in the Book Store you can enjoy as much of it as you want without its costing you a cent.

† † †

For Grandchildren-in-General
This book is meant to be;
But—it is dedicated
To "Tommy" and to "Lea"!

† † †

E. P. DUTTON AND CO., INC.

For Literary Workers

HANDBOOK FOR READERS AND WRITERS

Over 15,000 references. Literary and other little-known facts, not found in dictionary or encyclopædia. From Mythological times to the present year! A Literary Repast! Send for full description.

$3.50

THOMAS Y. CROWELL CO.
393 Fourth Ave., New York

PRENTISS TAYLOR, writing from Yaddo at Saratoga Springs, N. Y., sends us his second venture—you may remember us noticing his "The Garland of the American Scene" sometime ago. Now he has tried Rhyme Sheets, with delightful success. They are neatly printed, illustrated in color, and bear the address of his press, The Winter Wheat Press, 1735 F. St. N. W., Washington, D. C. There is No. 1: "Landscape," a poem by *Josiah Titzell*, decorations by Prentiss Taylor; No. 2: "Noah's Dove," a poem by *Laura Benét* with decorations by Taylor; No. 3: "Now Every Rose-Hip," a poem by *Rachel Field* illustrated by the author; and No. 4: "When the Damsels. . ." a poem by *Remo Bufano*, illustrated by Taylor. They are for collectors to cherish. . . .

We have read the strange, perverse "Monsier Venus," by *Rachilde*, with its delicately beautiful illustrations by *Majeska* (Covici, Friede). Though we do not read French, *Madeleine Boyd's* translation strikes us as very good. *Ernest Boyd* introduces the book and *Maurice Barrés* supplies a preface. There is no doubt that this singular volume is a remarkable piece of writing, though decadent,—well, we might say decadent as all git out. . . .

The prettiest book shop broadside we have recently received is from The Jade Elephant, 5 East Pikes Peak Avenue, Colorado Springs, Colorado. And it has the prettiest green elephant printed upon it in colors that we have ever seen. And, contrary to what you might suppose, we've never seen very many green elephants. . . .

In *The Virginia Quarterly Review* for July, *Emily Clark*, the gifted authoress of "Stuffed Peacocks," discusses "The Case of Mr. Cabell." It is a very charming short article. This is a good quarterly, by the way, if we haven't said so before. Though we have. . . .

"Wordsworth in the Tropics," by *Aldous Huxley*, and "Working with Conrad," by *Ford Madox Ford*, in the Summer issue of another good quarterly, in fact *The National Quarterly*, *The Yale Review*, are also worth your reading. . . .

We are delighted to learn that Longmans is now republishing *Andrew Lang's* multi-colored Fairy Books in fifteen volumes with three or four colored plates and over a hundred illustrations to each book, the original drawings by *Henry J. Ford* being used. There is, however, a modern format and a modern clear type. These books are invaluable for a young child's library, and we'd like to read them all over again ourselves. One of our particular favorites was the Red Fairy Book. . . .

By request we print the following from The Folklore of Ireland Society, to which you can become a member if you write to *Dr. Hyde*, Treasurer of the Folklore of Ireland Society, 65 Adelaide Road, Dublin, Ireland, and inclose your membership fee, the amount of which is mentioned below:

"The catastrophe that destroyed at one blow the records of Irish affairs for six centuries will be for ever a cause of heart-break to students of Irish life and Irish history.

But there still remain other valuable records, housed not in any building made with hands, but in the minds and memories of our people. These constitute the Folklore of Ireland, a folklore of stories, traditions, customs, proverbs, music, and song probably unrivalled in Europe.

Are we going to allow these to perish as the documents in the Four Courts perished? For we know well that if they are not collected now and quickly, they *will* perish. They will pass away with this generation.

There is no other cultured people today that with a heritage like ours would be willing to fold its arms and let it die. It will be a slur for ever on our national fame, on gentle and simple, on layman and cleric, and will show a lack of vision on the part of those who are responsible for guiding our race in matters of education, culture, and nationality if we neglect a work of research upon which every other civilized nation has long been working.

Read the first two numbers of our Journal *Béaloideas* and see for yourself what we are doing. We appeal to you to help us in this last effort, already too long delayed. We require 1,000 members to go ahead with our plans for publishing the material we have collected.

Béaloideas, the journal of our Society, containing genuine folkstories of Ireland written down by experts from the lips of the people, is forwarded on the 1st January and on the 1st July to those who subscribe 7/6 per annum, the membership fee, or over, to the funds. Non-members can obtain copies through booksellers or from the Hon. Secretary at 5/— per copy." . . .

William Edwin Rudge has sent us two very charming publications, No. 5 of the Famous Sporting Print Series, consisting of eight plates of aquatint reproductions of the work of *Henry Alken*, and eight plates of reproductions of the work of the famous water-color painter, *Peter de Wint*, which volume is No. 5 of the Famous Water-Colour Painters Series. Both of these books retail at $2.25 each, and it is hardly necessary to say that the binding, typography, and color work are of the highest grade. . . .

This fall we are promised from Harcourt, Brace, "A Room of One's Own," by *Virginia Woolf*, whose "Orlando" was a feature among the books of 1928. It is an account of a visit to an English college with the author's reflections on many subjects: the relations of men and women, wealth and poverty, and their effects upon life and literature. . . .

We have read "See How they Run," the novel by *Helen Grace Carlisle* just published by Cape and Smith. The style is extremely staccato, and even almost Gertrude Steinish on occasion. It gave us one very queer feeling. It was as though the Spinning Women, the Parcae, were always present in the offing and commenting upon the affairs of three girls. The author conveys fatality memorably. Olivia, frankly, is a little beyond our comprehension; perhaps it was because the author failed to make us feel "Jack's" fascination. The moment he opened his mouth and began to speak like the characters of H. C. Witwer we couldn't see them together, though his lingo was a faithful reproduction of the lingo of his kind. If Olivia could have equipped him with a Maxim silencer we might have believed it. Nevertheless the book has power, has poignance. Sometimes the style is like the rattle of typewriter keys through the brain, but at moments it achieves notable effects. It is like a rapidly unrolling film of the Great City that flickers a good deal. . . .

The R. H. White Company sends us the second of their pamphlets of book reviews by *"Elspeth."* The list of books she picks as "good books" may interest you. It is: "Hello Towns," by *Sherwood Anderson*, "All Quiet on the Western Front," by *Remarque*, "Sarah Orne Jewett," by *Matthiessen*, "Armour Wherein he Trusted," by *Mary Webb*, "The Patient in Room Eighteen," by *M. G. Eberhart*, "The Lady is Cold," by *E. B. W.* (*E. B. White*), "The Innocent Voyage," by *Richard Hughes*, "Molinoff, or the Count in the Kitchen," by *Maurice Bedel*, and "The Round-Up," by *Ring Lardner*. . . .

Harper and Brothers announce that "Mid-Channel" by *Ludwig Lewisohn* is for the time being withdrawn from sale. . . .

A posthumous novel by *Basil King* has just appeared. It is entitled "Satan as Lightning," and most of the scenes are laid in New York City. . . .

And, by the way, the second novel of *Helen Grace Carlisle*, referred to above, is to be published by Harper and Brothers as one of the successful contenders in the Harper Prize Novel Contest. The author is now at work on her third. . . .

It is said that several years ago *Edna St. Vincent Millay* saw one of *Phoebe Fenwick Gaye's* plays produced and gave her the warmest encouragement. She even antedated *Arnold Bennett* as the "discover" of this brilliant young writer whose novel, "Vivandière," has been brought out by Horace Liveright. . . .

The autobiography of *Alfred E. Smith*, that the Viking Press is publishing, will be brought out in October. Personally we like best *George Bye's* title for it, which wasn't chosen,—"The Name is Smith." . . .

And so it goes—and we go, too.

THE PHOENICIAN.

. . . JUST PUBLISHED . . .
AT .80c PER VOLUME
EVERYMAN'S LIBRARY
. . . . EDITION . . . .

The Letters Of Lord Chesterfield To His Son

introduction by Professor Robert K. Root.

A choice collection of these famous letters. No. 823.

Short Novels,
Elizabethan and Jacobean, volume I

introduction by George Saintsbury.

The first of a series in Everyman's Library which will give a selection of the shorter novels of all ages. No. 824.

The Rights Of Woman

by Mary Wollstonecraft and John Stuart Mill.
introduction by G. R. G. Catlin.

Two curiously contrasted essays still the most remarkable on the subject. No. 825.

The Heroic Deeds Of Gargantua And Pantagruel, 2 volumes

by François Rabelais.
introduction by D. B. Wyndham Lewis.
translated by Sir Thomas Urquhart.

Rabelais is included in this library owing to popular demand. No. 826-7.

Wakefield's Letter From Sydney

introduction by Professor R. C. Mills.

Written from an English prison, this shows remarkable political foresight. No. 828.

For Quick Service Show this Ad to Your Bookseller

E. P. DUTTON & CO., INC.

Here is that rare thing . . .
a beautiful book

THE PATHWAY

By HENRY WILLIAMSON

author of "Tarka The Otter", awarded the Hawthornden Prize—1928.

YOU are fortunate indeed if you possess appreciation of a book like this. The author and this book are endorsed and especially recommended to you by such men and women as:

Thomas Hardy	*J. C. Squire*
Arnold Bennett	*Gamaliel Bradford*
John Galsworthy	*Walter Pritchard Eaton*
Sidney Williams	*Ida Tarbell*
William Lyon Phelps	*Thornton Burgess*
Frank Swinnerton	*John Clair Minot*
Herschel Brickell	*Mary Graham Bonner*
Harry Hansen	*Angelo Patri*
Charles Finger	*Thomas Masson*
Edward Garnett	*Dorothy Canfield*

and between four and five hundred other independent critics, newspapers and magazines representing all parts of the country.

ARE not such recommendations of equal value, if not of more value to those people who wish and seek guidance and assistance in selecting their books than the recommendations of a small Book Club committee, especially when the members of such a committee are paid for their recommendations?

This book is on sale at all bookstores where you can glance through it and compare it with a variety of good books of all publishers. Avoid advance payment on books you have never seen. Avoid the trouble and inconvenience of sending back a book you do not want. For quick and convenient service we recommend your book store. $2.50

E. P. DUTTON AND CO., INC.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED